

THE STAR OF

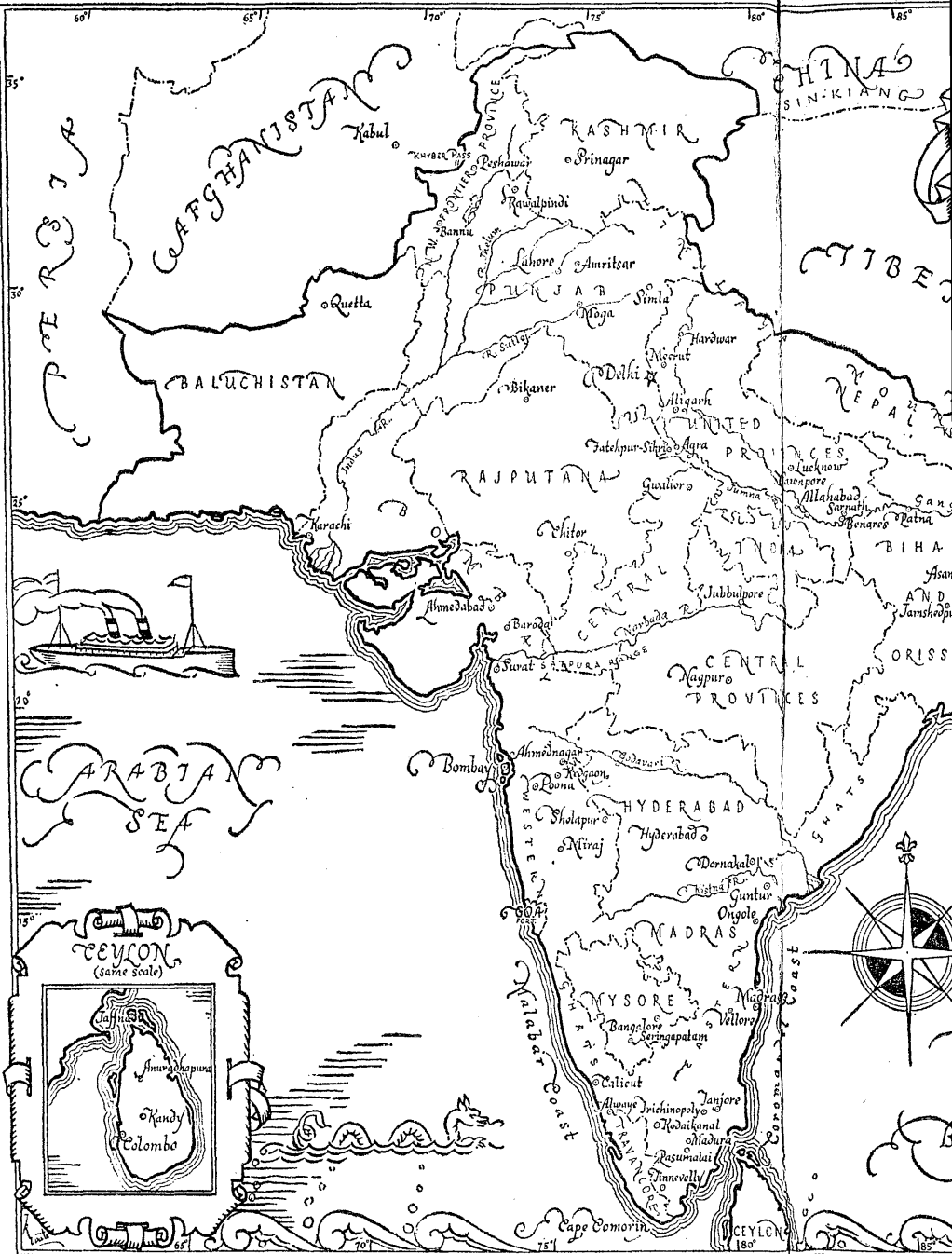


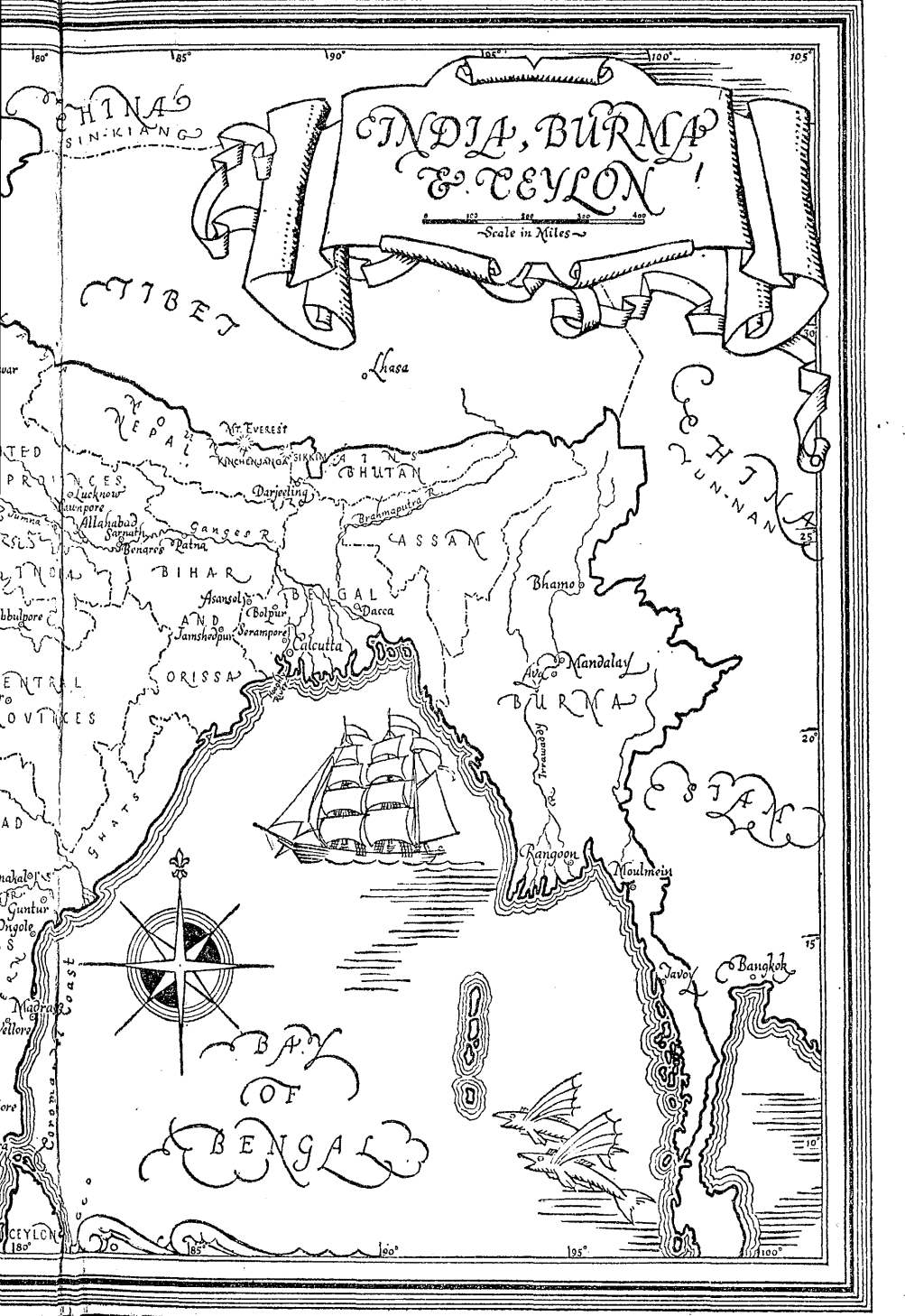
ISABEL BRO

THE OF INDIA



BROWN ROSE





THE STAR OF INDIA

The University of Chicago
Libraries



GIFT OF

Dr H S Baker

To the Book Editor:

This book is submitted to you for review.

A marked copy of your periodical containing notice will be sincerely appreciated.

PRICE:

Cloth 1.00

Paper .75

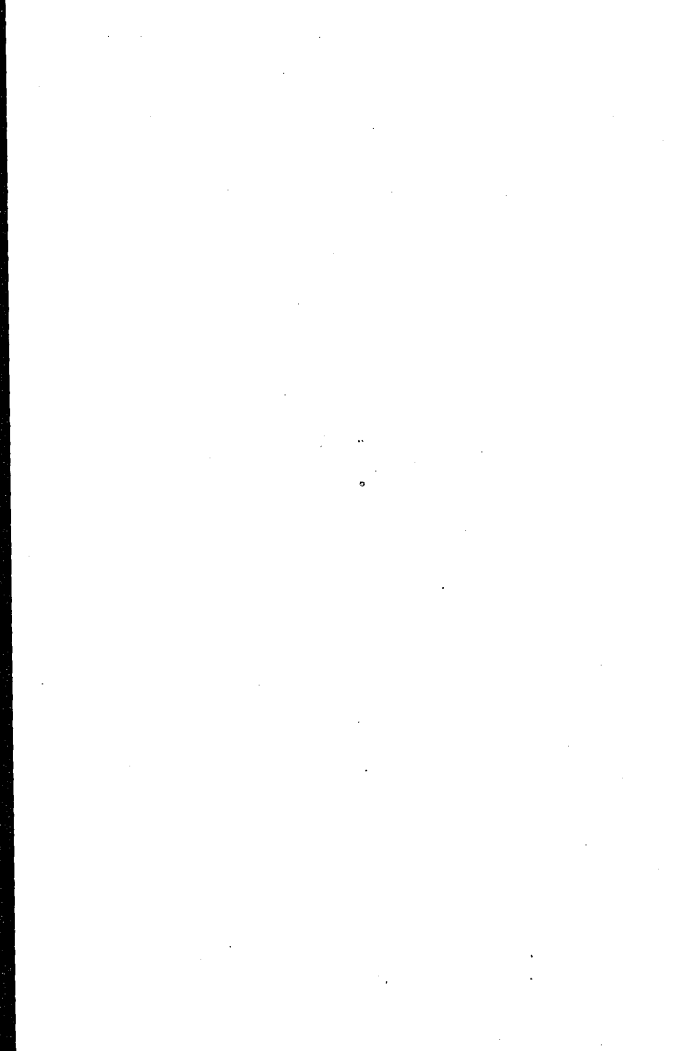
2

FRIENDSHIP PRESS

150 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Date _____



THE STAR OF INDIA

by

ISABEL BROWN ROSE

*Author of "Red Blossoms,"
"The Measure of Margaret,"
"Diana Drew," "Our Parish
in India," etc.*

Illustrations by

EDITH E. STRUTTON

NEW YORK

FRIENDSHIP PRESS

BV3265
R75

COPYRIGHT, 1930,

by

G. Q. LE SOURD



Gift of
Dr. H. ...

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

959629

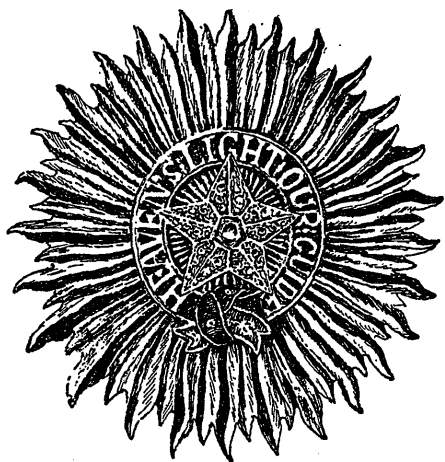
With affectionate salaams
to
DR. ROSE FAIRBANK BEALS
and
DR. LESTER H. BEALS
Messengers of Brotherhood in
Wai, Satara District, India

CONTENTS

PREFACE—THE MOTTO OF THE STAR . . .	xi
I. FROM OUTCASTE TO CAPTAIN	1
II. MANGO VILLAGE	12
III. THE PEOPLE AND THEIR COUNTRY . . .	29
IV. MEN AND GODS	49
V. ISLAM IN INDIA	67
VI. THE UNSEEN CARGO	82
VII. BEHIND THE CURTAIN	96
VIII. TROUBLED WATERS	110
IX. MANY PATHS, ONE GOAL	127
X. THE HEALING TOUCH	145
XI. MEN AND HEROES	160
XII. ALL KINDS OF BROTHERS	175

ILLUSTRATIONS

Order of the Star of India	x
Hari the Outcaste Herdboy	xiv
The Captain of the Victorious Team	9
The Silversmith Weighs an Anklet for the Baby	18
Women Grinding Flour for the Home	20
The Bridegroom on His Way to the Ceremony	23
The Taj Mahal from the Banks of the Jumna	39
A Hindu Story Teller in the Public Square	50
Ganpati, the Elephant-headed God, and Lakshmi, Goddess of Prosperity	61
Moslems at Evening Prayer	76
The Portuguese Fleet of Vasco da Gama	84
Women at Mukti Spinning and Weaving	103
Washing Clothes at a Home for Hindu Widows	108
Mahatma Gandhi	112
A Bazaar Street in Bombay	117
A Hospital Ambulance in the Mountains	144
Purdah Women Arriving at a Dispensary	148
A Rajput Soldier	163
Village Christians Attending Service	167
Types from the Criminal Tribes	181



PREFACE

THE MOTTO OF THE STAR

It is a beautiful Indian night, with a clear sky, with a full moon, and with the fragrance of strange flowers and plants scenting the mild air.

In a large garden under festoons of leaves and streamers and fairy lamps, people stroll about or stand chatting in groups. In one corner a European band plays up-to-date music. In another corner squat a dozen Indian musicians, twanging their stringed instruments and beating their drums with their fingers and thumbs. On a flat bit of bare ground loom big refreshment pavilions, where barefooted brown butlers flit round in their white turbans, stiff-starched white uniforms, and scarlet waistbands, serving tea, coffee, sandwiches, cakes, ice cream, candy.

These are the grounds of Government House, and the occasion is a garden-party given by His Excellency the Viceroy, who is the representative in India of His Majesty the King of England.

The guests are interesting. Indian princes are resplendent in knee-length brocaded coats, heavy necklaces of gold and precious stones, and high gold-striped silk turbans fastened with priceless

diamond clasps. There are many statesmen and army officers, both Indian and European, and wealthy business magnates and a few missionaries, who are all giving of their best to help India in administration and self-development. The white women are dressed in the height of Paris fashion, while their Indian sisters wear flowing robes of shimmering silks and satins, with jewels scintillating on their necks, arms, fingers, ankles, toes, in their glossy black hair, and in their ears and noses.

Some of the men, both Indians and foreigners, carry on their breast a decoration more precious to them than any ordinary gem, for it means that the King-Emperor has been pleased with their distinguished service to India and has conferred on them a special mark of honor, the Order of the Star of India. Glance at it as it sparkles on the black coat of that erect old Englishman while he talks in the friendliest fashion with a mighty maharajah. It is like a miniature sun, with gold rays running out from the center. Look closely at this centerpiece and you will see that it is a five-pointed diamond star encircled by a narrow blue enamel band, with these words lettered on it in diamonds: HEAVEN'S LIGHT OUR GUIDE.

The star was surely the symbol of the light of heaven, leading the wise men to the feet of Christ, where rich and poor alike brought their gifts and became brothers. Right down through the ages

that star has shone as a guide to all who have tried to follow it faithfully, no matter what their work or their station in life might be. To-day the Star of India is shining, not only as an outward, diamonded decoration, but as an inward light in the hearts of men and women, both Indian and of other races, who love India and try to serve her in diverse ways and by diverse means. They carry the message brought by the star almost two thousand years ago, the message of the brotherhood of man.

India is a fascinating yet perplexing land. You find exhausting heat yet extreme cold; uncounted riches yet appalling poverty; deep and difficult philosophies yet childish ignorance and superstition. Three hundred and twenty million people (three times as many as in the United States of America) live there in all kinds of conditions. As we read about these Indian brothers and sisters of ours, let us remember the motto of the Star of India, for that is the true bond of brotherhood: **HEAVEN'S LIGHT OUR GUIDE.**



Hari the Outcaste Herdboy

CHAPTER I

FROM OUTCASTE TO CAPTAIN

AN Indian boy of about ten, dressed in a ragged white shirt and loin-cloth, a faded red turban, and a silver necklace, is sitting under the shade of a bushy mango tree. Now and again he raises his head and lets out an ear-piercing yell. He is herding bullocks and buffaloes on a piece of rough pastureland outside his village. When they wander too far away in search of some delicious morsel of grass among the scanty herbage, he must remind them that he is watching them. But most of the time he sits huddled up, his thin arms clasped round his scrawny legs and his pinched face resting on his bony knees.

Hari's brown eyes are full of tears. He is rebellious. He feels that things are unfair. He does not want to go on day by day living this stupid life, getting up before dawn, eating his dry bread made of meal and water, taking the animals out to pasture, watching them till sundown and then driving them back to their owner. He badly wants to go to school and learn to read and write.

Once he had tried to go to school, and the memory of that hateful experience never fails to

bring a flush of indignation to his face. You see, Hari is an outcaste; so when he was bold enough to go to school, the teacher looked fiercely at him over his spectacles, drew aside his garments lest they touch the untouchable boy, and growled, "You there, you little dog of an outcaste, how dare you come into this room with Brahman and other high caste boys? H'm—sit over there." And Hari had been sent to the farthest corner of the room, where no one took any notice of him except to make fun of him. At last, unable to stand the shameful treatment any longer, he had suddenly dashed from the room, followed by the cruel laughs and jeers of the other boys. That was two years ago.

But now the sun is going down. With a sigh Hari rouses himself from his unhappy reverie, rises, gives a series of alarming shouts to gather his herd together, and starts them home by whacking them with his big stick and twisting their tails. Then he jumps on the back of a big fat buffalo, rides back to the village, and delivers the animals to their owner.

On his way round to the quarter where the untouchables live in a cluster of miserable huts, Hari sees a big crowd under two shady mango trees. Of course he runs over to see what the matter is. He is astonished to find a white man and woman sitting before a tent. The servants are busy undoing the baggage. Hari's eyes nearly pop out of

his head when he sees how a roll of cloth and a few sticks suddenly become a bed or a chair or a table. This must be magic!

Hari spends the rest of the evening and three other evenings watching all that the strangers do. They put up a big white screen and on it they show pictures—by magic again, surely—of a wonderful man called Jesus, who healed sick people and who taught that every man was every other man's brother. All men brothers? No caste? No Brahman nor outcaste? Why, the very idea is unthinkable. Then the white lady asks the children whether they go to the village school, and Hari, holding back his feelings, tells her what had happened to him when he tried to enter.

When the missionaries struck camp and went away, the outcastes of that village were full of joy, for they had been promised a school of their very own. To be sure, the school took a long time to build, for the caste people were jealous and did their best to stop it; and when it was done it was merely an open porch with a mud floor, mud walls, and straw roof. Its equipment was a table, a chair, a few unframed pictures, and some slates and books. But the Indian teacher who had been sent to take charge of it was a good and kind man. He not only taught the boys and girls through the day, but held an evening school for the grown-ups. He gave simple medicines to sick people, and read out the news from his weekly

paper, the only paper that ever came to that village. Best of all, he taught about the marvelous religion which, as the people knew, had turned him from being a murderer into an earnest, unselfish, and God-fearing man. As time went on, Hari's family and many other outcasts left off the worship of their gods of wood and stone and became Christians. And Hari? There was no happier boy than Hari in the whole wide world, for now at last he had a chance to go to school.

The Big School

Five hundred Indian boys and girls are squeezed into a small hall. The youngest ones squat in tightly packed rows on the bare stone floor, while the older ones feel very superior as they sit on hard wooden benches placed around the room against the wall. The red and yellow and purple and green turbans of the boys make bright patches above their brown faces, like gay butterflies perched on brown branches. The girls are decked in their best silk and satin *saris* with silver and gold borders, and they show off the gold necklaces and jeweled ear-studs and nose-rings and hair ornaments which they have borrowed from their mothers for this grand occasion. Such flutters of excitement, such sparkling of bright brown eyes, such flashing of white teeth!

At one end of the hall are half a dozen tables, placed end to end and covered with an enticing

assortment of toys and dolls, rubbers and pencils, notebooks and picture books, illustrated magazines, cakes of soap, and a large stack of old Christmas cards and picture postal cards. On the floor are three large bags of candy.

A dozen young Indian men and women and one white man and woman now take their places in chairs behind the tables. The headmaster claps his hands as a sign for silence, and the five hundred fidgeting youngsters settle down to comparative quiet. After devotions the teachers produce from their pockets long slips of paper. The sight of them sets the children agog with excitement, for these are lists of pupils who are to get prizes for good attendance, for punctuality, for the best marks in class work, and for a special Bible examination. As each name is read out, a boy or girl steps forward noiselessly on bare feet towards the tables, and chooses something he likes from among the many gifts spread out there.

At last all the names have been read, the children are happily fingering their gifts. "Now," says the headmaster, "we are almost through. You will go out one by one and get your candy and picture cards, as usual. But before you go I want to tell you that these gifts you have received today came from away over the seas, thousands and thousands of miles away, from boys and girls in America who are your friends." He can scarcely finish the sentence for the tremendous

cheering that breaks out—"Hip, hip, hooray!" over and over again. He cannot get silence although he claps his hands and makes signs to stop. Some boys get so excited that they throw their turbans in the air, and of course these unwind and come falling down in long cascades of colored cloth. When finally it is quiet again they agree, with more cheers, to the suggestion of the headmaster that each class write letters to the boys and girls in America, thanking them for the gifts and describing the prize-giving celebration.

"And now there is one thing more," resumes the headmaster. "You will all be proud to know that just this morning word has come that one of the boys of our school has passed the difficult entrance examination to the junior high school. He will go there after the holidays."

Again the hall rings with cheers, and in response to a sign from the headmaster Hari bashfully steps forward. No longer is he the unhappy boy who herded the village buffaloes and longed for a chance in life, but a fine, upstanding boy who looks the whole world in the face with his frank and humorous eyes. He is the head of the school, the pride of his teachers, the hero of the younger lads, and the best Scout in his troop.

The Cricket Match

A hot Saturday afternoon in Anampur. Automobiles and horse-tongas and clumsy bullock carts

are jostling each other on the road which leads to the high school. Inside the grounds are crowds of people, especially Boy Scouts wearing khaki shorts and shirts, with turbans and scarfs of different colors. In one corner there are Girl Scouts dressed in navy blue *saris* with white borders. Flags are flying all around, and vendors are doing a roaring trade with bottles of bright red soft drinks and dreadfully sweet lemonade known as "limlade." In a big white tent are many purdah women with their children, and they peep shyly through the straw curtains, being allowed to see but on no account to be seen. In the grandstand are many Indian gentlemen of high caste, mostly professors and teachers and their friends, and a few white people.

The Scout rally has been an all-day affair. From seven in the morning until three o'clock in the warm afternoon there have been races and games and drills and parades for boys and girls in different parts of the field. As a distinguished guest arrived and took his place in the grandstand, one troop of boys took off their six-yard-long green turbans, wrapped them round their bodies, and lay down like green worms to form the word WELCOME.

But now everyone is watching a cricket match between the best Scout team, which happens to be the high school's team, and the one from the Government College of Anampur. The college men

have been expecting an easy victory, and it looks as though they were going to get it. In the first innings they scored seventy-five runs against the Scouts' ten, and were quite puffed up. They did not work very hard in the second innings and only added twenty-five, which brought them up to an even hundred. But of course these green high school youngsters, as the college men call them in superior tone, could never get ninety-one in *their* second innings.

The Scout team is trying to keep a brave face, but as the boys smile their lips twitch with nervousness. The first player scores only three runs, and the school fans shout to hearten the team. Their captain tries to buck them up. When one of them begins to grumble about the enemy bowler, the captain calls him down sharply and says, "None of that babying in *this* team. Even if you can't play cricket, you can be a good Scout." The score creeps up—to fifteen, to twenty-five, to over thirty. The Scouts are doing better, but not nearly well enough.

When at last the captain wields the bat, the Scouts cheer him vociferously. He is a crack cricketeer and their one real hope; but of course he cannot pull them up to victory. The best he could do would be to even the score a little. But the captain stays in. The bowler does his best and his worst, but cannot catch him napping. The bowler loses his temper and throws the ball wide.



The crowd laughs, the captain smiles, and the bowler gets mad.

The score rises. Spectators who had begun to leave come back and sit down again. The high school fans yell themselves hoarse, for the captain is scoring magnificently. The score board shows seventy plus, eighty plus, ninety-nine—two more runs and the victory will be theirs.

The bowler clinches his teeth and sends a murderous ball straight at the batsman's head. He

ducks in time and calls good-humoredly, "Bad aim, old chap—I don't hold my bat in my ear!" The next ball is an easy one, and the captain makes one—two—yes, three runs!

The crowd simply refuses to be kept back. Boys and men break through the Scout cordon and stampede the playing pitch. They seize the captain and carry him shoulder-high round and round the field, shouting, "Hari ki jai! Hari ki jai!" "Victory to Hari! Victory to Hari!"

In the grandstand a white man is watching this amazing scene with glowing eyes. Someone taps him on the shoulder. He turns and sees the Indian headmaster of the high school.

"Congratulations, Mr. Foster," the headmaster says, "that's a splendid boy of yours."

"Yes, he is a fine chap. I was just thinking of the day when my wife and I first saw him, a delicate, half-starved urchin herding buffaloes for a handful of meal a day. But I'm surprised at this enthusiasm—look, there are actually Brahman boys helping to carry him. They've clean forgotten that he came from the outcastes."

"I'm glad they have," replies the headmaster. "You may remember that I, being a Brahman myself, was very unwilling to take Hari into my school." Mr. Foster smiles, for he well remembers the headmaster's reluctance, and the cruel persecution on the part of the boys which made Hari's life a misery for the first few months, till he over-

came all opposition by sheer good-will and brotherliness—and first-class cricket! “But it’s the best thing I ever did,” continued the master. “Hari is a true sportsman in every sense of the word. He is a good Scout in every line, honest and hard-working and dependable. No other boy in the school has half his influence for good.”

“It’s generous of you to tell me this.”

“Not at all, I merely state a fact. We’ll miss him sadly when he leaves us for medical college this summer. I simply can’t understand what it is that has made him so fine, for he had everything against him. Why, the little chaps fairly worship him, and they all want to be a cricket captain and a Scout troopmaster like Hari when they grow up. I wonder what the secret is.”

“I think I can tell you,” replies the missionary. “It’s the same power that sends some of us foreigners away from our native land and our families and friends, because we think we can help India to find her best self. It’s the power that is taking miserable outcastes like Hari from the filth of the villages, and giving them a chance in life. It’s the power that is beginning to break down caste and spread the idea of universal brotherhood. In short, it’s the spirit of our Master and our Brother, Jesus Christ.”

CHAPTER II

MANGO VILLAGE

HARI'S hard experience as a boy—the fact that he was called outcaste, that he was boycotted by master and pupils when he tried to attend the village school, that the Brahman headmaster of the high school refused at first to admit him—seems very strange to us. We have poverty and ignorance in our country, and we cannot deny that we have class divisions. But this is something quite different from the system of caste found in India which divides people into classes according to birth, with no possibility of change from one class to another. Here is a system that we shall have to look at carefully if we are to realize just what it means to young people growing up in India today.

Of course, all over the world we find many kinds of people—rich and poor, clever and stupid, active and lazy, kind and cruel, wise and foolish. In many countries a boy is allowed to go just as far and rise just as high as his brains and his energy will take him. In fact, we honor a person all the more who has started out with handicaps and has been able to overcome them. The most

revered name in our own history is that of a man from a poor and obscure family who rose by his own hard work, good judgment, integrity, and sympathetic understanding of others to be the leader of his people in a time of great crisis, and to become the best-loved President of the United States.

Among the Hindus of India such freedom of opportunity and reward for effort are impossible as yet, though we hope and believe that they are coming. Right here we must distinguish carefully between the words Indian and Hindu, for the two are often confused. The word Indian, like the word American, means a native of the country without implying anything about religion, while the word Hindu denotes a religion and a society within the total population called Indians. By far the majority of Indians are Hindus—216,000,000 out of 320,000,000. We shall learn more later on about Hinduism and other religions of India, but just now we want to understand why Hari was called an outcaste.

Hindu laws and traditions and ways of living are very different from ours, and the strangest thing to us who live in other countries is the way in which all Hindus are born into fixed and separate groups called castes. The sacred scriptures of the Hindus say that the four great classes of castes issued from the God Brahma himself. The Brahmans, the priestly caste, sprang from his

head, and the warriors from his arms, while the merchants and husbandmen and artisans came from his thighs. These formed the three upper castes, the "twice-born." Then from Brahma's feet stepped the low castes, the humble servers, born only to serve the three upper castes. These four divisions—priests, warriors, farmers and merchants, and servers—have been subdivided over and over and over again, until now there are thousands of castes and sub-castes, the members of which keep pretty much to themselves and have few dealings with each other. The rules of caste are very strict. According to custom, a carpenter's son must become a carpenter and must marry a carpenter's daughter. All his sons will be carpenters and all his daughters must marry carpenters. Everything he does will have to be in accord with the rules and regulations of the carpenter caste: the food he eats and the way he eats it, the clothes he wears and the way he wears them, the kind of funeral he will have and the ceremonies that will be carried out.

But below the level of the lowest of the low castes we find the outcastes, who live in such poverty, ignorance, filth, and degradation as we can scarcely imagine. We shall see later how they came to their present condition through the intermingling of many classes and races of people during India's long history. There are sixty million outcastes in India, nearly one-fifth of the popula-

tion. The sacred books refer to them as "those who are unseeable, unhearable, untouchable, unthinkable." They are the scavengers and the sweepers, they carry away dead animals and work with hides and leather. They do most of the menial work for the caste people. Many of them are literally servants of servants. From such surroundings came Hari.

A Glimpse of Village Life

The best way to gain an understanding of the ways of Indian life is to visit a village, for nine-tenths of the people of India live in small villages, and not in the big towns which tourists see. A good time to get a glimpse of all the elements of village life is when a wedding is going on. (It goes on for ten days or more!)

We proceed on foot, through dry bare stretches of waste land, past cotton fields growing a poor quality of stunted cotton about a foot high. In the distance we soon see a clump of trees rising above rude walls of gray mud. This is our destination—Mango Village.

In the good old days when there was so much fighting in India—fighting against invaders and neighbors and wandering tribes of robbers—every village had to be protected by a strong wall, and the gates were closed at sunset. Even now farmers do not build a farmhouse and live beside their fields. They make their homes in

the nearest village and tramp out to the fields every morning. Now that India has little to fear from robbers, these village walls are being allowed to decay and often show big gaps which nobody troubles to repair.

To reach the village we must walk past the pond, usually called the village tank. The water looks dirty and muddy. Water buffaloes are wallowing in it, some with merely the tips of their noses showing. One buffalo is standing happily drowsy while the herdsman, a boy of ten, washes its shiny gray skin. Here comes a herd of goats for a drink—we can smell them at a distance! A group of women and girls are washing clothes and spreading them out in long colorful rows to dry on the ground. Others fill heavy iron or earthenware pots, balance these on their heads, and then carry the water home for drinking. No wonder there are constantly fevers and epidemics in the village, when a single supply tank is used for all these purposes.

Outside the wooden gate we see a small square building standing on a high plinth with a flight of steps leading up one side. As we pass we look in. Sure enough, there sits a big stone monkey with his long tail curling up towards his head. He is smeared with red paint, and in front of him lie broken cocoanuts and faded flower garlands. This is the monkey god, Hanuman, whose little shrine is found in nearly all villages, standing

beside the main gate so that everyone going in or coming out can worship him on the way.

A silversmith is sitting cross-legged in his tiny shop. In a glass case beautiful silver ornaments are displayed—neckbands and armbands and ankle-rings and toe-rings and ear-rings and nose-rings, all beaten out by hand. In the back of the booth we can see the crucible in which he melts the crude silver.

A peasant woman is buying an anklet for her baby, which she carries straddle-wise across her hip. To determine the price, the silversmith weighs the anklet in a small pair of scales against so many silver rupees. One, two, three rupees are dropped into the cup. The scale tips. "There are three rupees' worth of silver in the anklet, woman," says the silversmith, "and the work costs half a rupee, so the price is three and a half rupees altogether." The woman pulls out a coarse cloth bag attached by a piece of string at her waist, and counts out the money. It is mostly in small coins, for she is very poor and has been saving up for this present ever since the baby was born. Then she pushes back her purse inside her skirt, clasps the trinket on her baby's ankle, shakes its little leg to make the pendant bells jingle, and starts home pleased and happy, while the bystanders smile in amusement.

As we walk up a narrow lane, with gray mud walls on each side, we hear a grinding sound. On



reaching an open door we look in and see two bullocks with a bandage across their eyes, walking round and round and round. They pull a heavy pestle, which thus crushes peanuts in a huge mortar. Peanuts are easily grown in many parts of India and are therefore a popular crop. The oil is used in cooking; and after their day's work

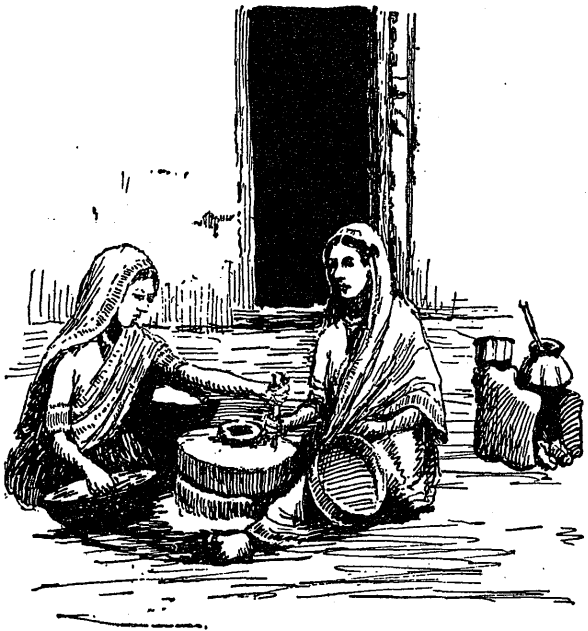
these bullocks will get "oilcake"—the residue of the peanuts when most of the oil has been crushed out of them.

Now comes a grating sound which we locate in a lumber yard. A man is squatting on the ground, sawing a short plank which he steadies between his toes; a bigger plank is being sawed by two men with a double-handled saw. One of them sits on the ground, while the other stands on a high frame against which the plank is fastened; and they alternately push and pull, push and pull.

The carpenter himself is carrying a heavy wooden wheel into another yard, where the blacksmith is keeping his fire glowing by means of a crude leather bellows worked by a chain and pulley. In the embers lies a red-hot iron rim which he will now pull out with his pincers and beat on the edge of the wheel.

Outside this next house squat two women grinding flour. The mill consists of two circular flat stones, one on top of the other. The top one has a hole in the middle and moves round a pivot. The women pour a handful of grain through this hole, seize an upright wooden handle, and revolve the upper stone against the nether one. The grain—either wheat or Kaffir corn—is thus ground fine between the two stones, and falls out from between them as flour. Every little while the women stop their grinding, scoop up this flour, and throw it into a wooden platter.

Another woman is doing the family cooking. She takes a handful of the newly ground flour, mixes it with a little water, rolls it out flat, takes it between her hands and pats it out till it is a nice flat disc. Then she flops it on to an iron plate on top of an open fire, where she browns it first on one side and then on the other. This is the flat, unleavened bread on which millions of Indians live. They like hot chutney with it, and if possible some vegetables cooked with red peppers.



But in times of scarcity people must live by eating no more than two of these flat unseasoned breads daily.

Now we pass the village school, the kind of school Hari tried to enter. It is simply an open veranda where thirty small boys seem to be yelling at the top of their voices. There is only one teacher, and the pupils are of different ages and at different stages of instruction. He therefore has the boys of one grade stand round his table, while the others, set to learn their lessons by heart, squat cross-legged on the mud floor, holding their slates or their copybooks on their unsteady knees. The letters and figures on the blackboard look strange to us. But even if we should stop here long enough to learn this language, we might not be able to use it in the next province we visit. There are several hundred different languages and dialects used in India, most of them very difficult. In the towns well-educated Indians speak English, but in the villages English is seldom heard.

In a rich merchant's yard sits a camel leisurely chewing the cud. He is startled as we pass, lurches clumsily to his feet, tugs at his tethering rope, and moves uneasily round on his bed of straw, while he gazes indignantly in our direction with his supercilious head thrust forward. He is having a rest now before he takes the next load to town.

A Hindu Wedding

There is no mistaking the house of the wedding. Stretching into the street is a crude canopy of red cloth decorated with bunches of stiff palm leaves and huge banana leaves. Just inside this canopy sits the band, with several drums and a bagpipe all making a tremendous din. The place is crowded, and youngsters who have not been invited peep through the chinks of the red cloth screen.

The host is a stout merchant dressed in a muslin nether garment, a long coat of tussore silk, and a purple silk turban striped with gold. He steps forward, salaams, and graciously leads us to chairs which have been placed ready for his foreign guests. We observe the Indian company sitting on the ground, the men at one side, the women and children and babies at the other. They are all decked out in their brightest clothes and richest jewels, and some of the women actually carry the family fortune in the form of ornaments.

Soon we hear a great hubbub outside, and a white horse arrives with its rider, a boy of about fourteen. One man is leading the horse by the bridle, and another is holding up a decorated umbrella with a long handle—a symbol of dignity. The boy is helped to dismount, is led up to two

grand gilt chairs, and is seated in one of them. From the house now comes a shy little girl in a beautiful shimmering *sari* of green and silver, with her face hidden in the corner of it. She is so tiny that she crumples up on the other chair, with her pretty little bare brown feet dangling far from the floor.

A Hindu priest with the "sacred thread"



across his breast and with red and white paste marks on his forehead, now comes forward and says many prayers and incantations. Sweet-smelling incense is thrown on a fire which burns in a small brazier, and red powder is sprinkled on the feet of the boy and girl, who are now legally married. The scarf of the little bridegroom is knotted to the end of the bride's *sari*, so that this is literally a case of tying the knot. Thus attached to each other, they move about and receive the congratulations of their friends. Everybody throws rice at them for good luck, and you often hear the name of the Hindu god Ganpati, who is asked for his blessing on the bridal pair.

After we have been served with an Indian sweet, something like glorified fudge, and with betel nut wrapped in a green leaf and sealed with a clove, we say good-by to our Indian host. As we walk away we cannot help wondering whether that boy and girl have a chance to be happy. They have never seen each other before, for of course all the arrangements were made by their parents. They are very young and immature. When, a few years from now, they will set up a home, it will not be a home of their own, it will be in the house of the bridegroom's parents, where all his brothers and their wives and children also live, and where the little bride will be absolutely under the command of her mother-in-law. Worst of all, if that boy should happen to die, it is likely that the

little girl will be counted a widow for the rest of her life. We are glad to think about the progressive Indians who today are trying to change the old customs and Hindu religious laws that result in such unfair treatment.

Outside the Walls

Now, all the people we have seen in the village—the silversmith and his customer, the oil-man, the carpenter, the blacksmith, the women at their grinding and cooking, the schoolmaster and his pupils, the cloth merchant and his wedding guests, even the uninvited boys who were peeping through the chinks of the curtain or sitting on a near-by wall to see what they could—these are all people of good caste. They live inside the village walls and can visit each other, although they do not eat together or marry into each other's families. But we have not yet seen the whole village. We have not seen Hari's kind of home. To do that we must go outside the walls.

As we pass through the big wooden gate we hastily squeeze against it, for herds of cattle and buffaloes and goats crush past us, driven by small boys who have tended them in the open fields all day. One of them is perched on the rump of a buffalo just the way Hari used to be.

As we turn a corner we come upon a strange sight—a group of poorly clad people scolding and quarreling, and altogether having a very

noisy time of it. There is something on the ground which is the focus of their interest, and we go near enough to find a scraggy bullock gasping in death. Even a suffering animal cannot be put out of pain, owing to the Hindu belief that it is a sin to take life. But why do these people look so strangely eager? Because the minute the animal dies they will cut it up and have a feast. But has it not died of disease? Yes, but that makes no difference to them. They are outcastes, and one of their few privileges is the right to every animal that happens to die in the village. A farmer does not sell a carcass and get what he can for the skin and hoofs and horns. He simply lets the outcastes know that an animal is dying, and they drag it off.

In this part of India these people are called Mahars. They go by various names in other parts, but their life is much the same everywhere. There are many other groups among the outcastes—the tanners and shoemakers and ropemakers and watchmen and scavengers, each group with its own customs and rules. There is even a kind of caste system among outcastes, and some of them look down on one another just as the high caste people look down on all of them.

Notice the outcastes' houses, miserable huts of mud with straw roofs, and all outside the village walls. A poor outcaste woman staggers along with a heavy iron pot of water on her head which

she has carried from the river a mile off. Because she is an outcaste she is not allowed to take water from the convenient wells of sweet water inside the village, or even from the dirty, muddy tank where the animals can bathe and drink.

The outcastes are not allowed inside the temples to worship the gods, so they have to make little shrines for their own use. In some parts of India where the caste feeling is very strong, no outcaste may come near enough to a caste man to have his shadow fall on him, for even that would be pollution. If the two happen to meet on a narrow bridge, they do not pass each other. The outcaste must turn, go back, walk fifty paces away from the end of the bridge, and wait there until the caste man has gone on.

No wonder these unfortunate people are called the depressed classes. No wonder they have a servile, cringing manner. They have learned to believe through the centuries that they are unalterably inferior. And that is why it was so wonderful that Hari, born an outcaste, became an educated young man and a cricket captain, with caste boys willing to obey him and ready to honor him.

Mango Village is in the western part of India and is typical of thousands. There are so many villages in India that if Christ had started to visit one village every day from the time he lived on earth, he would not yet have visited every village.

These villages vary greatly in different parts of India, just as houses and gardens in the United States vary from Maine to Florida. On the banks of the Ganges River, for instance, the villagers plant rice in the rich loamy earth, and eat rice as their staple food. On the sea coasts and in Ceylon are found groves of palm trees, therefore the people use palm leaves along with bamboo sticks to build their houses, and enjoy cocoanuts and dates as part of their daily food.

India is three-fifths the size of the United States, with almost three times the population. It presents a great diversity of peoples, climate, and social conditions. In the next chapter we must try to get a bird's-eye view of India as a whole.

CHAPTER III

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR COUNTRY

As we walk along a country road we notice ahead of us a small and strange tree. It seems to have no leaves, but many red and yellow and purple and white flowers. As we come near to it we discover that the flowers are only strips of cloth or paper tied on the bare branches, where a couple of dead chickens swing head downwards in the wind. The trunk is daubed with red paint, and on the ground are pathetic offerings of flowers and cocoanuts.

We step aside for a moment and watch from a respectful distance. Here comes a poor ragged woman with drawn face and haunted eyes. She flings herself down flat before the tree and touches the ground with her forehead. Then she kneels, folds her hands, and mutters, with deep feeling, words that seem to be a prayer. Tears stream down her cheeks. By and by she rises, tears a rag from the loose end of her *sari*, and knots it on a twig of the tree before she turns away and tramps on again.

Why has she done this? Our guide explains that many of the country people regard this par-

ticular tree as holy. They believe that there lives within it a spirit who must be kept in good humor so that he will not do injury to any person nor bring pestilence upon the cattle, and so that he may help the people to obtain what they most desire.

As far as we can tell, the earliest inhabitants of India were a short and dark-skinned race, the Dravidians. They believed, like this poor woman, that nature was animated with spirits—the forest and the trees of the forest, the wind and the lake and the river. That is why their religion is known as animism. These Dravidians were apparently scattered over most of India, some of them living a very primitive life in the jungles, others living on a comparatively high plane of civilization, when there began, about five thousand years ago, a great invasion by a tall and fair-skinned people from the north.

Invaders from the North

When we look at the map we find that India is a huge peninsula shaped somewhat like a badly made kite with the top peak decidedly askew. Great ranges of mountains run southwest and southeast from that peak, making a barrier to shut India off from the rest of Asia. But piercing the barrier are several passes, the most famous of which is the Khyber Pass. Through this narrow, rocky defile came the first invaders of whom

we have any certain knowledge, the Aryans. And throughout the history of India since that time in wave after wave, conquerors have forced their way south through this same pass.

The Aryans were part of a huge family that came from Central Asia. One branch trekked west and formed many of the present European nations, another branch went into Persia, a third made their new home in India. Many of us, therefore, are far-away cousins of the Indian people. As the Aryans poured down out of the mountains, they pushed the Dravidians before them, ever further to the south. At the same time some of the lower classes of Aryans mingled with the Dravidians by intermarriage. Some of the original inhabitants fled into the hills and jungles, where we can still find their descendants, almost unchanged in their ways of life, hunting for game with primitive weapons and making sacrifices to the spirits of the trees and the rocks. The latest figures available, the census of 1921, report nearly ten million people in India today as being animists.

Like the Israelites, the Aryans were at first a simple pastoral people, with their tribes and their families and their flocks. They worshiped the sun and the moon and the stars and the wind and the thunder and other forces of nature, and even today we can read beautiful hymns which they composed in honor of their sky gods. Their

priests pondered over the deep questions of life. Who and what is God? Who and what is man? What happens after death? They worked out elaborate systems of philosophy to try to explain these things. Gradually over many centuries there grew up out of the beliefs and experiences of the Aryan and Dravidian peoples as they lived together on the plains of India, the society and the religion that we know today as Hinduism. In it was found a place for the idols of wood and stone and the sacrifices to evil spirits that marked the Dravidian worship. What happened in this case reminds us of the way the children of Israel often began to worship the gods of their heathen neighbors in the land of Canaan.

We can understand a little more clearly now, perhaps, how the various castes that we saw in Mango Village came to be formed. The priests, the warriors, and the merchant classes among the Aryans kept themselves for the most part separate from the rude peoples they found living on the plains of India, and formed the three upper castes. But many of the Dravidians, and many of those of mixed Aryan and Dravidian blood, were taken into Hinduism as the low castes, or were made to live as outcastes, doing the menial work for those of higher social rank.

This is only a part of the story of how castes were formed, for other castes evolved not through race differences but through the division of men

into distinct groups according to occupation or trade, or according to religious practice or to the customs of a given locality.

Later Invaders from the West

Now into this Hindu land there swept, at about the end of the tenth century, a new force of invaders, the Moslems, who believed in one God, Allah, and in his prophet, Mohammed. They came first as roving bands, to loot the rich plains of North India and to retreat into their mountain fastnesses, but later they came as conquerors and remained. Until the early eighteenth century the bulk of India was in the hands of Moslem rulers. In the eighteenth century there was a nationalist revival among the Hindus against the Moslems, but by that time the European traders had come. The Portuguese and the Dutch and the Danish, the British and the French, had established themselves at ports on the coasts, and had found it necessary to build strong walls to protect both their merchants and their merchandise. The native rulers, the Indian princes, sometimes made friendly agreements with the foreigners, but sometimes they attacked them. Often they would hire the European traders to help them with men and ammunition in their wars against one another. The white men, instead of remaining merely merchants, became more and more involved in the political affairs of the Indian king-

doms and in rivalries among themselves. Thus the European governments supporting the enterprises of these merchants were drawn into long and tragic conflicts.

By the end of the eighteenth century the English had become the principal power in India. Through the East India Company, chartered for trading purposes in 1599, they had carried on wars with their European rivals and with Indian rulers and confederations of rulers, until the larger part of the whole Indian peninsula had been unified under their rule. The Dutch and the Danish withdrew altogether, while the French and Portuguese today hold only tiny settlements at several points on the coast.

In 1858 the East India Company was disbanded and the two-thirds of India held by it were brought directly under the British crown. The other third is divided up into about seven hundred states under Indian rulers—rajahs and maharajahs, khans and chiefs—their governments, however, being under general control of the British Government of India. Some of the native states are so tiny that they are like country estates; others are very extensive, like Kashmir and Mysore; while the largest, Hyderabad, is as big as Italy and has fourteen million inhabitants. Its ruler, called His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad, has his own stamps and his own coinage.

There has been for many years now a growing agitation on the part of the Indian people for greater control over their own affairs. At the present time this is manifesting itself as a widespread movement to obtain complete independence. We shall come back later to consider that movement, for it is attracting more attention than anything else in India today.

A Bird's-eye View of India

Let us take a quick trip through India, "touching the high spots" as most tourists do. That will give us a slight background, at any rate, for what we read or hear about the fascinating medley of races and religions, languages and social customs, which make up the entrancing but puzzling land of India.

How exciting it is, after many days at sea, to catch sight of a long purple line on the horizon, and to watch it grow bigger and broader until it reveals itself as the island and city of Bombay, the Gateway of India!

All sorts and conditions of people have come down to meet the boat. There are the white residents, or visitors, dressed in summer clothes and in sun-hats, who wave delightedly to friends on deck. Some of the brown-skinned Indians are dressed in European style, but many men look exactly like the bride's father in Mango Village, with muslin nether garments, silk coats, and tur-

bans of all shapes and sizes and colors. There are Hindu women with the loose end of their *saris* drawn across their faces, and flowers and gold ornaments stuck in their glossy black hair. Coolies are running hither and thither, their bare brown backs glistening with perspiration.

We elbow our way through a kind of Arabian Nights crowd, and then start on a drive through the city. We observe wide streets with well-built stone offices and shops, and magnificent public buildings, colleges, schools, courts, and residences. Along the bay there is a long boulevard lined with bushy palm trees, and an open park where Indian boys are playing cricket or tennis or football, according to the season. Presently we enter streets lined with small open booths where the merchants sell gold and silver and brass and tinware and all sorts of cloth, each trade centering in a section of its own. Some of the buildings we pass are brightly painted, and when we see within their arches flower-decked images, we know that we are looking at Hindu temples.

But soon we leave the interesting bazaars and the districts of attractive homes and charming gardens and enter long streets of mills with tall chimneys belching black smoke. We have to slow down because the road is swarming with men and women and children who tramp along wearily. Many of the women carry babies, in a cloth bag strung on their backs or riding astride on their

hips. In this cosmopolitan city of over a million inhabitants cotton mills are springing up all the time. The mills themselves are hot and stuffy, the hours are long, the wages are low. Many of the millhands are villagers who have come to town when the crops failed and there was no field work for them. They are not accustomed to city life, and many of them die of fevers or lung trouble, of drink and vice, and sometimes of sheer homesickness.

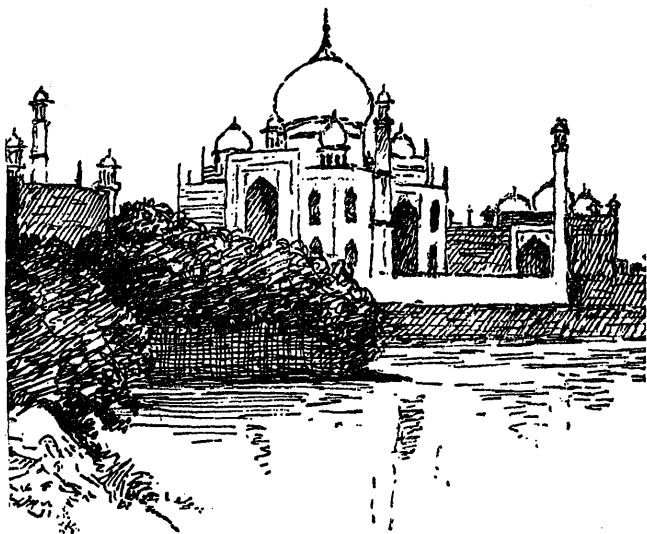
We follow a group home, and find a high tenement building of one-roomed homes, each of which contains a family. Sometimes there are ten or even twelve persons living in one of these rooms. The air is suffocating. Stray dogs prowl round, nosing the rotting garbage. Big black flies annoy sick babies, who lie and whine piteously.

We leave Bombay, with its mixture of beauty and sickening slums, and take the night train north. Next day we watch the villages rush past, looking like gray hillocks in the distance. We see bullocks ambling down an earthen mound, drawing up water in a big leather bag from the well, and letting it into little runnels which will carry it to the thirsty fields. We see little children herding cattle and buffaloes, as Hari used to do before he went away to school.

Twenty-seven hours after leaving Bombay we get a thrill on alighting at a station named Agra. Fortunately there is a full moon, so we hurry to

our hotel, eat a hasty dinner, and drive out again to see the most beautiful building in the world. We catch sight of it first through a lofty ornamental gateway which acts as a dark frame, enclosing the exquisite picture of the gleaming white domes and fairy minarets of the Taj Mahal. This is the famous tomb of Mumtaz, the wife of a great Mogul emperor named Shah Jehan, who spoke of her as Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the Light of the Palace. We shall return in daylight hours to examine the inlay work of semi-precious stones and of black marble marvelously cut to form inscriptions in Arabic containing large parts of the Koran. We shall also stroll in the fragrant garden and watch the reflection of the Taj in the channels of water bordered by cypresses, and in the river Jumna which flows behind. We shall also explore the great fort of Agra with its massive gateway and with its enormous battlements which carry a delicate white marble palace on the edge of their east wall.

Then we proceed a little way north to Delhi, the old capital of the Mogul emperors which has once more become the capital of India. Here is the Pearl Mosque, made of marble pure as a pearl. We walk through the famous Hall of Audience where the emperors used to sit and dispense justice—and sometimes injustice. The white marble arches are picked out with gold lines, and a Persian inscription runs thus: "If



there be a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this." It must have looked magnificent when it was all hung with rich silk curtains and canopies, when the fountains were tinkling, when the Emperor Shah Jehan entered in stately procession and sat on the gorgeous peacock throne which had cost him over six million dollars in treasure. The throne had golden feet and emerald pillars, and its decorations were peacock tails encrusted with gems, and trees bearing diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls. Alas, it was stolen by a later invader and carried off to Persia. The Hall of Audience now stands empty, but in another part

of Delhi there is a modern building where the Indian Parliament sits, and where Indians and white men meet as fellow members and rule India in a very different fashion from that of the old rajahs and emperors.

Now we travel still farther north, almost to the peak of India, to see the celebrated Khyber Pass through which so many unwelcome visitors have made their way for at least five thousand years. After the Aryans came a countless host through the ages: Alexander the Great and his Macedonian soldiers, then Parthians, Scythians, Huns, Afghans, Timur the Tartar, Babar the Lion. No wonder India is a conglomeration of races and languages and religions and social customs. In the main valley we see a camel caravan stalking along in dignified deliberation, disdainful of the strings of asses, pack mules, bullocks, ponies, and sheep, which are accompanied by a procession of merchants and mountaineers. On another road run automobiles and motor lorries. In an almost parallel line wriggles our train. Yes, this historic highway is now penetrated by both road and railway. On each side are barren rocks, with here and there a little fort on a projecting point. Bold border tribes inhabit this territory, and they often break out against each other or against some common foe. They also carry on, from generation to generation, blood feuds which have sometimes wiped out whole families. As someone

has neatly expressed it, they are never at peace except when they are fighting.

To the east of this rugged pass and beyond the outer ranges of the Himalayas, is Kashmir, a native state ruled over by a maharajah. The scenery is so beautiful that the land has been called the Vale of Paradise. As we drive by motor the two hundred miles from the railway to the capital, Srinagar, City of the Sun, we gaze at snow peaks soaring above the winding river, yet we pass blossoming fruit trees and an astonishing variety of gay flowers, including brilliant rhododendrons and clumps of yellow and purple iris. The flowers grow not only in the fields but on the flat, earth-covered roofs of the houses and temples, which are often so rickety that they lean over towards the water and look as if they would topple into it at a touch. Hundreds of small boats laden with straw or wood or vegetables or rice are being paddled to market by whole families of peasants, who live on board and have no other home. Plop—there goes a little boy overboard! The father just laughs and holds out the paddle for him to grip, then pulls him on board and smacks him soundly for falling off!

Back to the steaming plains again, we proceed southeast along the very river valleys where once the Aryans pushed the Dravidians ahead of them, and reach the sacred river Ganges. Here

on its banks is the most sacred city in all India, the city of Benares, gleaming with gilded towers where white and red flags are fluttering. Crowds are jostling each other at the river's edge. Men stand in the water waist-deep and facing the sun while they say their prayers. Some men are bathing themselves, others are washing their clothes, others are eagerly drinking the water of the river from cupped hands, though faded garlands and bits of wood and handfuls of ashes and a dead goat are floating near by.

Straw umbrellas stick up from little platforms on the stone ghats like giant yellow mushrooms, shading holy men who sit cross-legged in meditation. There are many kinds of holy men in Benares. Some of them have good and pure faces, and have come to spend the last days of their life here in this holy spot. But others, smeared with ashes and white paste, look repulsive. Here is a man sitting on a bed of spikes, and here is another holding up his right arm, which is now hopelessly withered and fixed in that position. They do this or even lose the use of their limbs because they think that the gods are pleased when men sacrifice their comfort for the sake of religious devotion.

At one place along the riverside several fires are burning briskly. Beside each fire lies a white bundle—a dead body awaiting its turn to be burned. These fires are funeral pyres. It is the

ambition of every good Hindu to die beside the Ganges, so that his body can be cremated there and his ashes thrown on the sacred river.

Sailing down the Ganges or keeping alongside it by train, we find ourselves at the port of Calcutta. This name has an interesting origin. It means Kali's Ghat, Kali being the name of a goddess, and *ghat* being a flight of steps leading down into a river or pond. We go first to Kali's temple, into a big courtyard crowded with Hindu men and women and children. In one corner a goat is tied to a stake by a rope round its neck, and a man is standing beside it with a great curved sword uplifted ready to decapitate it. We turn away just in time to escape the painful sight. On the streets many goats and buffaloes are being driven along to be sacrificed to Kali, who is fond of blood. We are relieved when we pass from this quarter of the city and drive through broad streets with trolley cars and automobiles and fine open parks and clean stone buildings.

Now we take a night train from Calcutta almost directly north, and in the morning change to a little mountain railway which climbs up and up and up, twisting and turning at hairpin corners. We watch the tropical vegetation becoming that of a temperate zone, and then we are among pine forests where the air is deliciously cool, and by and by we see tea gardens. All of a sudden a stupendous sight breaks upon our view—a great,

far-flung line of towering Himalayan snow peaks across the valley. The overpowering one is Kinchinjunga, the second highest mountain in the world. To catch sight of the highest we shall have to trek out beyond this little mountain resort of Darjeeling and climb a hill. What do we see then? Merely a white cone projecting up in a gap of gray mountains in the far distance. But that is the crest of Mount Everest, twenty-nine thousand feet high and as yet unconquered by man. A few years ago a party of explorers got almost to the top, and two of them lost their lives in trying to get to the very top. When science has learned how to provide for breathing in that rarefied region, someone will doubtless attain the summit.

We hurry back to Calcutta and take a trip westward by rail to see a steel plant worth seventy million dollars and employing forty thousand men and women. That is a miraculous thing to find in India, which has always been an agricultural country and has only recently taken to machinery. What is more, this prodigious enterprise is not due to the foreigner. It is Indian through and through. There is a small community of the people called Parsees, who over a thousand years ago fled from their homes in Persia because of persecution by Moslems. Most of them live in Bombay but there are a few Parsee families in almost every city in India. Many Parsees are clever and wealthy and very good business men.

One of them, Mr. Jamshetji Tata, made a fortune in cotton mills and then turned his attention to steel, for although India possessed iron deposits, it had had to import its steel. He went to America and interested a metallurgical engineer in the question of starting a steel plant. They chose a waste spot of jungle, and today, thirty years later, it has become the busy industrial town named Jamshedpur, the town of Jamshed, after its founder.

Marveling at this hustling Jamshedpur in the midst of slow old India, we return to Calcutta and take boat for Burma. Landing on the third day at the big port of Rangoon, we watch the ocean-going liners lading bags of rice which has been grown in thousands of little patches by the banks of the river. Then we spend a long time in a gorgeous golden-topped building set on a high plinth, with great wide steps leading up on the north, south, east and west, all guarded by fearsome stone monsters. This is the world-famous Shwe Dagon Pagoda, with thousands of images of the great teacher Buddha of whom we shall read later on.

Now we take a river steamer up the Irrawaddy, which is bordered by thick forests of teakwood, a very strong, good-grained wood that looks something like golden oak when it is polished. Squads of elephants are working on the banks. Look at that gigantic lumbering fellow prodded on by the

tiny man sitting cross-legged on his fat neck. He curls his trunk around an enormous log and weighs it till he finds the exact middle so that he can balance it comfortably. Then he stalks majestically to the pile, lays his log down, noses it with his trunk till it lies mathematically in place, and then marches back with the same stately step for another log. It is wonderful that an animal of his strength can be taught to obey a master. But sometimes even well trained elephants go mad, and then they kill their drivers and anyone else who ventures near them.

We enjoy these river days, for at each landing there is a kind of floating market, with much bargaining and bartering of eatables and of gay cloth and trinkets. We see many Buddhist temples on the banks of the river. Indeed, Burma has been called the land of pagodas. We think of Kipling's poem as we proceed

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flying fishes play.

Then we take train back to Rangoon, and cross the Bay of Bengal to Madras, a beautiful city and a large port, like Bombay and Calcutta.

Here we take the train south to Madura, a sacred city containing an ancient temple of astounding size, the largest in India, with many high towers covered with sculptured figures. But this old city contains also something that is both

famous and new—a fine modern mission plant comprising various kinds of schools, two hospitals, and a wide-awake college. From Madura we proceed almost to the southern tip of India, and take ferry across to Ceylon. We notice from the boat a chain of small islands, and shall learn later why these are known as Rama's Bridge. Presently we land, and get our first impressions from the train as we travel inland.

What an entrancing island Ceylon is, with its thick green jungles, velvety green hills, and luxuriant verdure and flowers! It is well named the Pearl of the Orient. In its ancient capital city, with the droll name of Kandy, there is a jewel of a lake, and on its shore stands the old and venerable Temple of the Tooth, containing in its central shrine the tooth of Buddha. In a stream near by, a baby elephant is having a bath, flapping its huge ears with delight as its attendant splashes the water over it.

We end the journey through Ceylon at the great port of Colombo, half Indian and half European, with its ancient native quarters and its big modern stores. This port, unfortunately, is the only bit of India which many tourists see. An ocean liner on its way to England from Australia or China is lying in the harbor, and visitors are coming ashore in little tugs. Along the beach we see catamarans exactly like those used by primitive people thousands of years ago.

In our hurried trip through India we have noted many contrasts: snow-clad mountains and sun-parched plains; jungles where the tiger and elephant roam, and flat stretches of barren land without a blade of grass; thousands of tiny farm-plots and big industrial cities; a few rich land-owners and millions of miserable day laborers. But the greatest contrast in India is to be found among its people—in their overpowering number, and in the variety of races they include. The tall and sturdy fighting men of the Khyber Pass are very different from the men of short stature and mild disposition who dwell in mid-India. We saw that the farther south we went the darker the complexions became—this is because many of the waves of invasion from the north spent themselves before they reached the south, so that there was less mingling of races there.

We have particularly noticed during our journey the variety of religious buildings—the Hindu temples, the Mohammedan mosques, the animists' wayside shrines, the Christian churches. In order to understand our Indian brothers and sisters even a little, we shall wish to learn something about the religions that are so dear to them.

CHAPTER IV

MEN AND GODS

WE take an evening saunter through narrow bazaar streets, and on turning a corner we come upon a crowd of Indian men and boys squatting on the ground. Their white clothes and colored turbans and dark faces are only dimly visible by the light of the smoking oil lamp, which flickers from a small platform on which the public story teller is sitting. On the outskirts of the group, where it is quite shadowy, some women and girls are crouching. They have drawn the loose end of their *saris* across their faces, for they are not supposed to be seen at any gathering on the street; but they simply cannot resist the temptation of hearing a story. Boys on bicycles, men in bullock carts and horse-tongas, chauffeurs of the inevitable Fords—these must all slow down to get past the party, and they almost surely stop to listen too.

The reciter is telling a story that has been handed down from generation to generation for at least three thousand years. It deals with the days when giants walked the earth, and when men and gods conquered demons by means of celestial



A Hindu Story Teller in the Public Square

weapons and mysterious charms. Every person in the crowd knows the story by heart, but he loves it so much that he will listen to it over and over again. Besides, every story teller adds his own peculiar embellishments, which supply interest and piquancy. Turbaned heads wag in approval, white teeth flash in amusement, and loud guffaws greet the favorite passages. Now and again the huge audience rocks and roars with laughter. The tale runs thus:

The Story of Prince Rama and Princess Sita

Rama was the eldest son of a king in North India and was greatly beloved by the people. When he was to be named heir apparent, tremendous preparations were made for a magnificent ceremony. But one of the king's wives wheedled a promise out of the unsuspecting monarch that he would give her anything she asked for, and then demanded that Rama be exiled for fourteen years and that her own son, Prince Bharata, be chosen as the heir apparent.

The foolish old king was overcome with horror; but like King Herod later, when he was asked for the head of John the Baptist, the king could not break his royal word. When the people heard the news they determined to take up arms and fight for Rama's rights. But Rama was a noble and generous prince. He commanded his friends to obey the king and Bharata, and he said a tender

farewell to his heartbroken father. Then, accompanied by his lovely and devoted wife Sita and by his loyal brother Lakshman, he set out for fourteen years of exile.

The three journeyed south through the wild jungle, crossed the river Ganges, and began to wander in a dreary and dangerous forest. Here they had many exciting adventures with men and with beasts, and a great deal of trouble with demons, whom they finally vanquished. But the chief demoness escaped, rushed to Ceylon where her brother Ravana was king, and planned a terrible revenge. One day when Sita was alone in her hut, the ten-headed and twenty-armed ogre Ravana swooped down, seized her, and carried her off through the air.

When Rama and Lakshman returned home and found Sita gone, they at once suspected foul play and started out on what appeared a hopeless search for her. They found two fortunate clues. The dying King of the Vultures managed to gasp out that he had fought Ravana in mid-air and been wounded while trying to rescue Sita, and the King of the Apes showed ornaments which had been dropped by a beautiful woman while Ravana was carrying her away. Rama recognized Sita's jewels, and he enlisted the help of the monkeys to go to Ceylon and save her.

Just picture that immense army of monkeys under Hanuman, their commander-in-chief.

There were big monkeys and little, gray monkeys and brown, black-faced monkeys and red-faced monkeys, and some with shaggy white whiskers. Chattering and grumbling and scolding, they hopped across flat stretches of bare land, or swung themselves from branch to branch through the forests, until they were down south almost to the tip of India. And there in front of them stretched sixty miles of deep blue sea separating India and Ceylon.

But this was not sufficient to daunt a monkey army. There was nothing for it but to build a causeway; so a sturdy green monkey and his friends tore out great rocks and hurled them into the sea to form island stepping stones, and the whole army leapt gaily from island to island till it reached Ceylon. Here a terrific battle took place. The monkeys fought with uprooted trees and big boulders. The demons rode on camels and elephants and lions, and even on asses and wolves and hyenas and pigs. The victory swayed from one side to the other.

The crowd has been hanging breathlessly on every word, for the reciter indulges in dramatic detail and his voice rises shriller and shriller until you can positively hear the clash of arms and the whole ear-splitting din of battle. The story goes on to its conclusion. The monkeys defeat the demons. Rama kills Ravana and releases Sita,

and accompanied by Lakshman and Hanuman they set out at once for their capital. There Rama is crowned king amid scenes of extreme enthusiasm and grandeur. Although he does not exactly "live happily ever after," Rama enjoys a long and glorious reign, and is finally carried to heaven on the back of the eagle-god.

The listening crowd begins to disperse. The women slip away to their homes, where they will continue to follow in their thoughts the adventures of Rama and Sita as they cook the evening meal over the small wood fire. The men and boys walk off in groups with tomorrow's work looming ahead of them—in the fields, in school, in college, in stores, in offices, in the railway. You realize how this legend has become rooted in the history and life and character of the Hindu people. Faithful Hanuman is one of the most popular gods in the land. You remember we saw his shrine at the gate of Mango Village. Rama's gentle and virtuous and long-suffering wife is held up to every woman as the ideal to follow, and many Indian girls are given the name of Sita, as many Indian boys are called Rama.

The chain of islands between India and Ceylon is still known as Rama's Bridge, and Rama himself is worshiped as a god. When little Indian maidens are late in getting home with water from the well and are afraid of the night, they ask Rama's protection by singing:

There are no tender moonbeams to light me;
If in the darkness a serpent should bite me,
Or if an evil spirit should smite me,
Ram, O Ram, I shall die!

Many Hindus also call on Rama when they sneeze, for sneezing is considered unlucky. This is what you may hear any day in the bazaar: "Ah, *tchou!* Ram, Ram!"

*"Pure in Mind, Strong in Arm. Beloved by
Mankind"*

In the courtyard of a maharajah's palace squat some old warriors, fierce-looking fellows with bristling mustaches, who wear long loose cloaks and have curved knives stuck in their belts. They might easily be mistaken for actors posing in a pirate movie.

These are warriors immensely proud of their ancestry. Are they not Rajputs (*Raj* means king, and *put* means son) of princely line, of the bluest of blue blood, and from one of the finest soldier races in the world? And have they not a glorious history of courage and chivalry down through the centuries? And their beloved maharajah, for whom they would gladly shed their life blood, does he not live in an old palace and maintain much the same kind of establishment that his ancestors did six hundred years ago?

While these soldiers keep guard, they pass the time by talking over the exploits of heroes of

the glorious past. Most of their stories date from the wars with the Moslems in the period from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries. The Rajputs bore a heavy share in the struggle against these invaders, who under the flag of Mohammed came sweeping through India, smashing Hindu idols and killing the Hindus who worshiped before them.

Mohammed had grown up in Arabia among tribes who worshiped images. He hated the practice with his whole heart. He felt that it was bad for the people; that the worship of images led them to forget God himself and the spirit of true religion. Mohammed taught his people that if they lost their lives in the work of slaying idol worshipers they would go straight to heaven. This belief made the Moslem armies fearless in battle, but when they met the Rajputs they found a people who refused to be conquered. Rajput history is full of the exploits of heroic warriors, both men and women.

The Story of the Most Precious Possession

Once when a Rajput fort was besieged and all hope had been lost, the women sent out this message to the enemy: "The fort will be given up to you without further bloodshed if you will allow us women to pass through your lines to a place of safety, each one of us carrying her most precious possession."

“Agreed,” replied the leader of the siege, for his men were weary and he foresaw an easy victory. The women’s most precious possessions would of course be trinkets, necklaces or arm-bands or nose-rings. It would be no great loss if the silly women left and carried away a handful of paltry jewels, after which his army would enter the fort and take the men prisoners.

Imagine the amazement of the Mohammedans when the fort gate opened and they saw a long procession of Rajput women stagger down the slope, each one carrying her husband on her back!

The Story of the Star Princess

Tara—which means a star—was a lovely Rajput princess who could ride and shoot like a man. She married a Rajput prince on condition that he would help her win back her father’s kingdom from the Mohammedans. So one festival day the prince and princess disguised themselves as Mohammedans and joined the procession which was to pass the house of the enemy commander. Out he stepped on the balcony to receive the greeting of the crowds, and in a moment the prince’s spear and the princess’s arrow transfixed him.

What a panic there was! People ran hither and thither, and wandering animals added to the confusion. An elephant got entangled in the jam at the city gate, and became crazed, and Tara

and her husband could not get past him. What did the star princess do? She brandished her shining scimitar and slashed the elephant's trunk in two, and he dashed off bellowing. In the confusion the Rajput army, which had been hiding outside the city, rallied under the prince and princess and defeated the Mohammedans. Tara thus won back her father's kingdom for him.

The prince and princess now helped other Hindus to get back their lands, and an old chronicle says of them, "Their swords shone in the heavens and were dreaded on the earth, but they aided the defenceless." When the prince died he was only twenty-three years old, yet he had led the Mohammedan invaders a hard chase for years. When the funeral pyre was ready and his body had been laid on it, brave and faithful Tara, the star princess, mounted the pyre, lay down beside the body, and was burned with it.

The Story of Chitore

Rajputs, both men and women, usually preferred death to capture. When an immense Mohammedan army besieged Chitore Fort in 1303 the Rajputs held out as long as they could, and then decided to give the enemy an empty victory. Their beautiful princess led the women down to a dark cavern, where they barred the doors and then set fire to their clothing. Meanwhile the prince and his men made a sortie—a handful

against a host—and were destroyed. When the enemy rushed into the fort they found the locked cavern where they supposed the women were hiding. They smashed down the door, ran in, and saw only heaps of smouldering ashes.

As the warriors finish these tales, the sound of a shrill horn pierces the still night air. It is time to change the guard. They rise and straighten themselves proudly, adjusting their swords and curved knives, and the long rifles slung across their backs. As they march off they glance up at the walls of the palace where their beloved maharajah lies asleep. Not one of them would hesitate for a moment to do for his prince what the Chitore heroes did for theirs so many centuries ago. A favorite motto for a Rajput hero was: "Pure in mind, strong in arm, beloved by mankind."

The Jolly Elephant

Two young Indians are hurrying along the crowded streets of a large city. They are dressed in red turbans, black alpaca coats, and white trousers. Each has a bundle of books tucked under his left arm and a book held open in his left hand, while in his right he carries a small flower garland, the heads of marigold and jasmine threaded together on a string. These youths are not talking to each other. They are devour-

ing their books, muttering to themselves and evidently learning something off by heart.

When they come to a large building with carved stone pillars, they slip the books into their coat pockets, mount the steps, and take off their shoes. Above the open door hangs a brass bell with a brass chain attached to the clapper. Each one takes hold of the chain and rings the bell as he passes into the dim room.

There is no light except what comes from two tiny lamps, brass or clay saucers full of oil with cotton wicks floating in them, giving off both smoke and smell. These lamps stand on either side of a big stone image daubed with red paint—the image of a fat man with an elephant's head. The man-elephant's trunk is curled up gaily, and he is grinning as if he had just heard a good joke.

The two students stand before him with hands clasped. They pray to him. They lay their flower garlands on the stone shelf in front of him. You see, they are on their way to their mid-year college examinations, and they are asking their god Ganpati to help them to pass.

In India there are thousands and thousands of gods and goddesses. Some are worshiped only in special localities, but others are revered all over India. Some are kind and good-natured, like Hanuman the monkey, and Ganpati the elephant-headed man, but others are cruel like Kali, whose temple we saw in Calcutta.



The three main gods are Brahma, (the Creator), Vishnu (the Preserver), and Shiva (the Destroyer). Saraswati is the goddess of learning and is accompanied by a proud peacock; and Lakshmi, goddess of prosperity, stands on a lily in the water and holds jewels in her hands. There is a snake-god who is much feared. At the big yearly festival in his honor the people paint snakes on the walls of their houses and make big snakes of mud in their yard; and they also place saucers of milk on the ground, in the hope that a real snake will come out of his hole, drink the milk, and give them his blessing.

There are about two hundred and sixteen million Hindus in India. Some of them, especially among the Brahmans, are brilliantly intellectual,

and they study and discuss those deep and difficult philosophies which their wise men thought out centuries ago. Such men as these do not think of an idol as being a god, and do not really worship the idol but rather the deity it represents. But millions of Hindus who have had little or no opportunity to receive any teaching look on Hanuman and Ganpati and Kali and all the other idols as true gods. They keep a shelf of little brass images in their home, and bathe them and worship them every morning and say their prayers to them. Hindus also revere the cow as sacred, and this accounts for the fact that cows are allowed to wander about the streets, helping themselves to whatever they want from the vegetable vendors' stalls. Devout Hindus passing a cow will touch it reverently and then put their hand to their breast while they mutter a prayer. The killing of cows and the eating of beef are cause for horror to our Hindu friends.

We have already seen what a complicated thing caste is—how difficult it is for a carpenter's son, for instance, to follow all the rules of the carpenter caste. We also know, of course, how terrible it is to be an outcaste. Now there is one other important fact that we must remember about Hindus. They believe that when a person dies his soul is born again in some other form. It is this belief that explains for them why it is that a person is born into any particular caste. A man is a

Brahman, they think, because through perhaps millions of previous existences, or incarnations, he has come to understand and obey the divine laws, and the gods have rewarded him finally by allowing him to be born into the highest caste. Similarly, the low caste or outcaste man is one who in some previous incarnation has broken the divine laws, and the gods have punished him by placing his new birth in one of the unprivileged groups. Moreover, the great mass of uneducated Hindus believe that the gods may punish disobedience of the rules governing each caste by bringing upon men the dreaded fate of being born as an animal—elephant, bear, lion, pig, rat, or insect.

No one, of course, can remember what happened in any of his former lives, so when the Hindus suffer grief or pain they think it must be a punishment for some sin they committed in an existence long ago. This belief explains why it is that in so many Hindu families, living strictly according to the old customs, widows are cursed and beaten and persecuted and looked upon as a disgrace. They are believed to be the cause of the death of their husbands, because some sin of theirs in another existence has offended the gods.

The Gentle Buddha

About five hundred years before our Master came to earth, a gentle prince named Gautama was born among the foothills of the Himalayas.

His clansmen were all warriors, and his father hoped that Gautama would be a warlike king, but the boy had a tender heart and sensitive spirit. While he was growing up he was carefully shielded from a knowledge of the misery that exists in the world. When he had seen, all in one day, a beggar, a leper, a tottering old person, and the body of a dead man, he pondered long over the four facts of poverty, disease, old age, and death. When he was a young man he decided that he must give his whole life to trying to find some satisfying answer to the questions about life and death that perplex mankind, so he left his home and his beautiful princess wife and their only child, and set forth as a wanderer alone.

After years of suffering and of fasting, Gautama was sitting one day under the shade of a pipal tree, when a great thought came to him. How simple it all was! Men suffered because they could not always get what they wanted. They wanted wealth, so they hated poverty. They wanted health, so they hated disease. They wanted life, so they hated old age and death. If only people could stop wanting, therefore, they would be happy.

Gautama began to wander about with a band of friends and disciples, just as Jesus did five hundred years later, leading a simple, kindly life and becoming the teacher of those who gathered about him. At length, as an old man, this teacher was

given the name of Buddha, which means the Enlightened One; and, many years after his death, the religion that grew up as a result of his teaching was called Buddhism and he himself was looked upon as a god. Costly temples held colossal statues of him, and mounds of earth were built to hold the relics of his body—a bone or a tooth, perhaps, such as was in that Temple of the Tooth which we saw in Ceylon. A great and good king named Asoka, who lived two hundred years after Buddha, followed his teaching and sent missionaries all over India to instruct the people in the Buddhist way of life. Asoka sent his own sons to convert Ceylon and China and Japan and Tibet. The importance of the work done by these early missionaries from India may be understood from the fact that until today Buddhism has remained the principal religion in these countries.

Within India itself Buddhism did not survive as a separate religion, but the gentle prince Gautama, or Buddha, left a deep influence on Hinduism, which continued to be the religion of the people. Buddha emphasized the doctrine that all life is sacred, even in its lowest form. The Jains, a sect that arose about the same time as the Buddhists and still forms a definite religious body in India, also lay great stress on “no-killing.” This strong feeling for the sanctity of all life leads to some strange customs. If a bullock or horse is

hopelessly sick, good Hindus will not put it out of its misery but will leave it to die in agony. They are even unwilling to kill a mad dog or a poisonous snake. Men sometimes give money to endow a home for aged cattle, where lame and diseased animals spend a miserable existence until they manage to die of old age. Jains are often seen walking along the street carrying a little brush and sweeping the road in front of them at each step, lest they happen to tread on an insect and thus commit the act of killing. Often they wear a piece of cloth or paper tied across their mouths lest an insect be swallowed.

We have had but a glimpse of the religious life of some of India's peoples. Many of the customs we have observed strike us as amazing, and at times even ridiculous. For it does seem unreasonable to be so very careful about the life of a fly or a mad dog or a poisonous snake, and at the same time to beat a young girl because of the death of her husband.

What we must do is to look behind such customs and practices as these in order to find out why men have come to follow them. In doing this we shall gain a deeper understanding of India's search for God, and shall see how in Christ India finds the goal of all her seeking.

CHAPTER V

ISLAM IN INDIA

It is blazing midday, and every sensible Indian is resting in some shady spot. From one side of an open white marble court comes a curious droning noise. A score of little boys squat on the ground, reciting passages from the Koran, the holy scriptures given by Mohammed to his followers, who are called Mohammedans or Moslems. Red fezzes are perched at saucy angles on their downbent heads, and long white shirts flap gaily outside their long white trousers. Now and again the boys look out of the corner of their eyes at the schoolmaster, who sits at a small wooden desk and thumps it with his cane when the droning dies drowsily away.

In the comparatively cool corridor adjoining this porch, groups of men sit, cross-legged, gossiping with each other, or lie stretched out at full length on bits of straw matting.

“Oh, for the days of the mighty Moguls,” sighs a patriarch with a bright red beard—dyed red to show that he has made a pilgrimage to Mecca. He glances across the court to an open marble slab with a sweet-smelling tree growing beside it.

That is the tomb of a great Moslem emperor who ruled over almost the whole of India for fifty years. "Thou wert a true defender of the faith," continues the old man, addressing the tomb. "Under thee the Moslems enjoyed great power and glory, and thou didst keep down the accursed, idol-worshipping Hindus."

"Tell us again, revered father," urges a bystander, "of the days of the mighty Moguls. It is meet that we and our children and our children's children should remember the past glories of Islam. Praise be to Allah!" Then he turns towards the porch and notices that the boys, released from school, are tumbling noisily down the steps. "Hi, there, you youngsters," he calls, "come over here and listen." Most of them stroll over obediently, though some of them regretfully finger the crude wooden toys and string in their pockets, and others, hungry, no doubt, dart boldly away and out of the gate.

As the old man spins the yarn, he dwells on the bravery of the Moguls and their conquest and oppression of the hated Hindus, including the chivalrous Rajputs. He even gloats over the cruelties the Moguls practised towards their prisoners, and boasts of the massacres of thousands of men, deeds commemorated by round towers ornamented by rows of enemy heads embedded in the plaster.

From the beginning of the eighth century many

Mohammedan merchants, sailors, and soldiers had found their way by sea to the west coasts of India and had settled there for trade or for conquest. But about 1000 A.D. a fierce warrior, Mahmud of Ghazni in what is now Afghanistan, came down through the passes in the Himalayas, defeated a Hindu army, laid waste many rich provinces, and returned to his rugged northern kingdom laden with loot. He enjoyed this experience so much that he determined to make it an annual affair—a kind of vacation! He himself made no fewer than seventeen raids, and after him came many other adventurers. “The early Mohammedan invaders,” says Edward Thompson in his *History of India*, “were men of a roving and warlike disposition. They combined abounding physical strength with an intense zeal for the stern and simple creed of Islam. The leaders were consumed with a desire to break in pieces the idols of India, and at the same time to earn a rich reward for themselves in the jewels and gold of the idolater.”

Five hundred years after Mahmud the great Mogul empire began, with the rule of an invader called Babar the Lion, a man of tremendous strength and spirit who ruled a kingdom in Central Asia. He brought his armies to the plains of India in 1526 and took the city of Delhi, which he made his capital. Often during his campaigns he would swim the rivers that had to be crossed.

Once, to show his strength, he picked up two men, one under each arm, and ran round the ramparts of his fort, jumping across the embrasures. Many of the rulers of this dynasty are famous, and are known to history as the Great Moguls. That slang term, "the great Mogul," is therefore a good historical one. The Moguls had Mongol blood in them, and indeed the word Mogul is the Persian form of Mongol.

Akbar the Great

The greatest of all the Mogul emperors was the wise and generous Akbar, who became king when he was only thirteen years old. During his prosperous reign of fifty years, which covered almost exactly the same period as that of the reign of Queen Elizabeth in England, he subdued the haughty Rajputs, and extended his kingdom north, south, east, and west. But he was a kind man and treated his subjects well. Although himself a Moslem, he gave liberty to all kinds of religious teaching, and was anxious to find out the best in all religions. He even tried to make a new kind of religion that would suit everybody, but of course it pleased no one.

Akbar was fond of building, and left many fine palaces and forts and mosques. He built a beautiful city, Fatehpur-Sikri, to be his capital, but only lived in it fifteen years. Today you can stroll across the big open court where Akbar used to

play a kind of chess, moving slave children as the pieces. You can stand in the mosque where he used to lead the prayers to Allah. You can wander about in the great hall where he used to sit and listen to Mohammedan and Hindu and Christian and other religious preachers whom he had invited to come and explain their religion to him. You can climb up to his little sleeping room on the roof where he used to meditate on the stars, and you can read his favorite quotations painted on the walls.

Alas, Akbar's last years were embittered by the rebellion of his beloved son, the heir apparent, who grew weary waiting for the crown.

Jehangir the Cruel

When this foolish prince became emperor, he took the grand name of Jehangir, which means world-seizer. He was a brave soldier but a bad king, self-indulgent and ferocious. Jehangir had a clever and capable wife whom he named Nur Mahal, Light of the Palace, who was able to manage both him and the government. Her influence was so great that her picture was stamped on the coinage along with that of the emperor.

Like his father, Jehangir was a great builder, and he left some splendid pieces of architecture at Delhi and Agra. In the beautiful land of Kashmir he laid out pleasure gardens for his empress, and you can walk through them today, enjoying

the shady trees, the beds of fragrant flowers, the cascades and the fountains. As he thoroughly deserved, his own heir apparent gave him just the same trouble that he himself had given his father, and he died a disappointed man who had lived selfishly for his own pleasure and glory.

Shah Jehan the Magnificent

The next great Mogul emperor took the name of Shah Jehan, which means lord-of-the-world, and his wealth and display were so stupendous that he is always called Shah Jehan the Magnificent. He was a good soldier and a fairly good king, but he is remembered most of all because of the wonderful buildings, and especially one building, which he caused to be erected. When his pretty and beloved wife Mumtaz-i-Mahal died while accompanying him on a military expedition, Shah Jehan was so overcome with grief that he almost died too. Then a great resolve brightened him and gave him something to live for. He determined to erect in honor of his beloved the most magnificent monument ever dedicated to anyone's memory. And in this he succeeded beyond his dreams.

First of all he bought a lovely garden in Agra on a bend of the Jumna River below the fort, and embellished it with rows of cypresses and sweet-scented trees, gay and fragrant flowers, and fountains splashing in marble basins. He employed

twenty thousand men for nearly twenty years and spent millions of dollars, in making a tomb of white marble inlaid with semi-precious stones. Under the main dome was built a lattice of the marble so delicately pierced as to look like fine lace, and inside this lattice was built the tomb. The body of his beloved was laid to rest in the vault below just twenty years after her death. This building is the Taj Mahal. The Taj Mahal is now three hundred years old, the most exquisite bit of architecture in the world, most people think, and thousands of visitors come from all over the world to see it.

Now Shah Jehan planned to build for himself a black marble tomb on the opposite bank of the river Jumna, and to join it to the Taj by a bridge. Unhappily for the plan, his own son treated him even worse than he and his father had treated each his own father in turn. Aurangzeb, a strict Moslem and a cruel and intriguing prince, gained the throne by treachery, disposed of his brothers, and then confined Shah Jehan for life to the Jasmine Tower in the fort at Agra. For seven long years poor Shah Jehan (Shah Jehan the Magnificent!) lived as a prisoner of his own son, and the one comfort he knew was the sight of the snow-white domes and minarets of the Taj Mahal as they gleamed in the distance over the waters of the Jumna. They were the last vision distinguished by his dying eyes, and then he was carried

out and laid in a tomb beside his beloved under the dome of the Taj Mahal.

Aurangzeb the Hypocrite

The last of the great rulers in the Mogul dynasty received the due reward of his deceit and of his shameful treatment of his father and brothers. During his long life he saw his kingdom slipping away from his hands. He was unjust towards those who were not Moslems, and he knew that he was hated by his subjects. He was suspicious of everybody and more especially of his own sons, who followed the old family tradition and rebelled against their father. In 1707, at the age of eighty-eight, while leading his army in a hopeless and unnecessary campaign Aurangzeb died, an unhappy man troubled by the memory of his sins and by his fears for the future, and with his death the power of the Mogul empire rapidly decayed. Aurangzeb particularly requested that he be given only a simple tomb—that marble slab we saw in the courtyard with the fragrant tree growing beside it, and the Moslem men and boys talking of the glorious days of the mighty Moguls.

A Moslem Custom

One very curious custom which the Moslems brought with them has affected Indian life and has hampered progress greatly—the system of purdah. The Indian word purdah means a cur-

tain. When Moslem girls are about eleven or twelve years old they are put "behind the purdah," the curtain separating the women's quarters from the rest of the house. From this time on they must literally never show their face in public. If they go for a drive it must be in a screened carriage. If they walk they must wrap themselves in a long cotton ghost-like cape with only a couple of embroidery slits for them to peer through. High-caste Hindus began to copy this custom and to keep their own women in seclusion. Many Hindu women, especially in North India, keep purdah today. This practice is one that makes women doctors so much needed in India, for no purdah woman, whether Hindu or Moslem, can be attended by a man doctor, and thousands of them die of preventable diseases just because no woman doctor or nurse is available. The purdah system has kept India back by shutting up in ignorant idleness millions of women who might otherwise become educated and valuable members of society. It is also the cause of much mortality, especially from tuberculosis, for the women's quarters are often dark and damp, and the women who spend their days and nights there get insufficient air and sun.

"There Is No God but Allah"

What hurry and flurry, what shouting and screaming as the train pulls in! Everybody



seems to be rushing against everybody else, and pushing and scrambling for fear he will not get a seat. Passengers run from their compartments and wash their hot tired feet under the splashing faucet, then rinse their mouths, fill their little brass vessels with drinking water, and scurry back to their places. A man with a big tray of oranges and bananas steadied on his head walks along the platform shouting his wares.

The whistle blows, the engine shrieks, late-comers climb wildly on the running board and crawl through the windows into the overcrowded compartments. The train moves noisily off.

But three men near the railway have seen and heard absolutely nothing of all this commotion and din. Blind and deaf? For the present, yes. They are tall, sturdy warriors from North India. They wear baggy white trousers, red velvet waistcoats over white shirts, and white turbans wound around high cone-shaped gray caps. Each on his own little prayer mat and facing the setting sun, they kneel, they touch the ground with their foreheads, they rise to their immense height and stand with bowed heads, all the while intoning earnestly. For them "there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet." They are Moslems saying their evening prayers, looking towards Mecca, Mohammed's birthplace.

There are over sixty-eight million Moslems in India, and they are very faithful in the observance of their religious duty. They say their prayers to Allah five times a day, wherever they are, in their own homes or in the street or even in a public place like a railway yard. On special festival days the big open courtyards of their mosques are packed thick with devout worshippers. Sometimes they gather by thousands in a park or garden, and carry out their devotions in the open air and in the public eye. The mosques are very cool, restful places, with no furniture except a simple pulpit; and in the courtyard there is usually a tinkling fountain where the worship-

ers bathe their feet before beginning to say their prayers.

It is always romantic, when the sunset colors are glowing in the sky, to hear the last call to prayer. Look up at that slender minaret that soars above the traffic of the busy streets. On the little gallery that runs around it a single figure with uplifted hands is silhouetted against the sky, and in soft cadence on the evening air comes the familiar beautiful intoning of the Moslem *kalima*, or creed, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet."

In some places the Moslems live happily beside their Hindu neighbors, but often there is bad feeling between them. The hatred began a thousand years ago when the Moslems came in as conquerors. Some of the emperors, you remember, ruled with great cruelty. Some of them forcibly converted many Hindus. Even now, Moslems often feel that it pleases Allah when they smash idols and kill those who worship them. The Hindus brood over these outrages against them, and they cannot forget how their brave Rajput princes and other heroes and heroines were maltreated by the invader from Arabia and Central Asia. The enmity between these groups is so strong that India is like a giant stack of gunpowder, ready to explode at the slightest spark.

Brothers

Blare and bluster, flare and fluster. Skirling of pipes, beating of drums, clashing of brass cymbals, clippety-clop of wooden clappers. Above all, the shouting and singing of the crowd.

Along a narrow bazaar street comes this noisy procession, the band in front. The musicians sit in a clumsy cart drawn by bullocks and decorated with palm and banana leaves, and the rabble of children runs alongside and gazes up at them with admiration. Then comes a kind of box, carried on four men's shoulders by means of two long bamboo poles. Every little while a man from the crowd jostles out one of the bearers and takes his turn at carrying the palanquin. As he does so, the curtains round the box flap aside and we see a gold idol decked with silk garments and with jewels. Today is this god's special festival, so the Hindus are carrying him through the streets to let his worshipers see him and do him honor.

With laughing and shouting and with much clatter both human and instrumental, the pilgrimage lurches slowly along till it comes near a plain whitewashed building with a dome. Here the band wagon suddenly stops, the crowd pushes up awkwardly and becomes a confused mass. What is the matter? Why don't we go on?

From the mosque have rushed a few Moham-

medans, and they seize the rope through the bullocks' noses. "You cannot pass our mosque," they protest. "We Moslems are at our sunset prayer. It is forbidden that idolatrous music reach our ears. Go back, go back!"

The Hindus refuse to go back. They insist that they have police permission to parade the sacred image through the streets on this particular day.

"But not past our mosques!" shout the Mohammedans. "You ought to have turned up a side street. We shall not allow you to go any farther."

The altercation continues. Neither side will give in. Then suddenly from a high, rickety house comes a stone—then a brick—then a bottle—plump into the seething, quarreling mob. Another well-directed stone smashes the palanquin, and the image falls ignominiously to the ground.

At this, pandemonium breaks loose. A free fight begins. Men, women, and children are hit by flying missiles. They stagger and are trampled underfoot. Hindus slip away up back lanes, snatch a squealing pig from the outcastes' quarter, and fling it into a mosque to defile it. Mohammedans lead a cow—held most sacred by the Hindus—and kill it in the courtyard of a Hindu temple, thus committing unforgivable sacrilege. Hindus in revenge rush into a mosque, tear up the holy carpets, and burn copies of the Koran. Hearing

of this, Mohammedans invade a Hindu temple and smash the images.

The whole town is aroused. Peace-loving citizens shut themselves in their houses and shudder, for locks and bars are no surety when once the fires of religious and racial hatred have been kindled. A Hindu woman, grinding flour in her stone mill before her door, sees a tall, bearded Mohammedan enter her yard, and is stabbed through the heart before she can cry out for help. A Mohammedan merchant, sitting in his little cloth shop bargaining with a customer, catches sight of a wild group of Hindus tearing down the street, and before he can run to shelter he is seized and beaten to death. And so it rages, brother fighting against Indian brother. The government does all it can to prevent such riots and, if they break out, to keep them from spreading. But the outside force which may be summoned to keep order between Hindus and Moslems will not cure the difficulty. These words of a sympathetic British governor go to the heart of the matter:

“The number of men who are weary of strife and sincerely anxious for peace is growing every year, and before long the two great communities will come to realize that destructively they can accomplish nothing, but that united they may build a national government under which each may receive equal justice and equal opportunity for self-expression.”

CHAPTER VI

THE UNSEEN CARGO

ONE hot morning in May, 1498, three sailing ships were scudding east across the Arabian Sea. Everyone aboard was filled with excitement, more especially the captain of the expedition, who now saw ahead of him the goal he had been seeking for nearly a year.

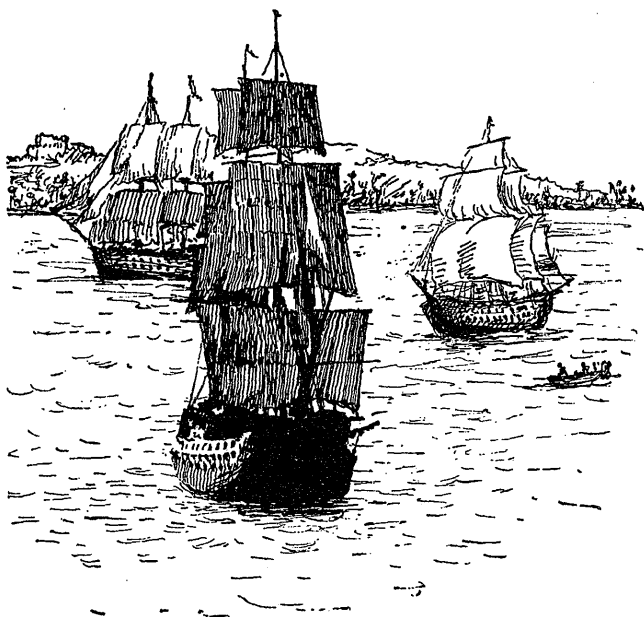
Last July he had started out, down the beautiful River Tagus in Portugal. Flags had been flying in his honor, and many small craft had accompanied him to wish him a good voyage. Was he not going on a perilous adventure? Many European merchants had traveled to India overland, by way of Syria and Persia, or Russia and Turkestan, but no one had ever found it by sea route. To accomplish that was his object. If he were successful, would he not bring great glory to his native land and to his king?

But it had not been plain sailing, and there had been little since then in the way of flag-flying and honor. For weary months he had been creeping, creeping, creeping round uncharted and dangerous coasts, away down the west coast of Africa, round the Cape of Good Hope, and up the east

coast beyond Zanzibar. Here he had stopped off for a while to find out about the strange land of India, which was supposed to lie somewhere northeast. Arab traders assured him that they sailed to India every year with the favorable winds; so he had hired Arab pilots to take him safely across the perilous stretch of sea where they would see no land for days and days.

And now they have sighted something far ahead of them that looks like a low cloud. Land ahoy! The Arabs have not cheated them. Their three good ships, with the help of God, are bringing them into their desired haven. Vasco da Gama and his Portuguese friends finally glide into the harbor of Calicut in those ships which mightily astonished the Indians, for they had never before seen anything bigger than a sailing dhow.

These Portuguese navigators were not the first Christians in India. A tradition that has some historical basis says that the apostle Thomas went to India after Jesus' followers had scattered from Jerusalem, that he made many people Christian, and suffered martyrdom there. A district in the beautiful city of Madras is still called St. Thomas' Mount. There is a large body of Christians in the state of Travancore in southwest India who believe that their church was founded by St. Thomas. They are generally known as Syrian Christians for the reason that their an-



cestors came from Syria, and it is known that they came to India within the first three hundred years of the Christian era.

But soon after the Portuguese and other European nations began to visit India for commerce or for conquest, another kind of messenger found his way there for another purpose, which was not to get but to give. "In my country there is abundance of cinnamon, cloves, ginger, pepper, and precious stones. What I seek from thy country is gold, silver, coral, and scarlet"—that was the

message the Zamorin of Calicut sent by Vasco da Gama to the King of Portugal. Little did either he or the Portuguese captain dream of the unseen cargo that would inevitably be shipped from the West to the East, of more value than all the "gold, silver, coral, and scarlet" in the world—the cargo of the Christian religion.

The Spanish Xavier

In 1542 a Spanish priest named Francis Xavier went to India by invitation of the King of Portugal and tried to convert it in a hurry. He would ride from village to village, call the country people together, repeat a creed and a few texts, ask them whether they believed in this new religion, and then baptize hundreds at a time. Later on the priest despaired of thus converting India, so he sailed for Japan and later went to China, where he died. His body was brought back to India, and is now kept in state in an imposing edifice in the small Portuguese dominion of Goa. His church caused him to be named a saint, and many schools and colleges are called St. Xavier in his honor and memory. We do not believe that India can find Christ by a process of forcible conversion nor by adopting a religion in name only, but we do admire the courage, devotion, and unselfishness of Francis Xavier, who gave himself so completely to his spiritual ideals.

The German Schwartz

In the eighteenth century there was a great deal of trouble in South India over a Moslem soldier of fortune named Hyder Ali. He was a fierce and powerful man, and so brave and clever that he destroyed every army sent against him and carved out a whole kingdom for himself and his son. He could neither read nor write, and it was impossible to get him to sign a treaty. He was suspicious of everyone and everything, and imagined that people would cheat him by getting him to put his signature, or rather, his mark, to false documents.

When at last Hyder Ali acquired a big enough piece of India to satisfy even his bold ambition, he decided to settle down in peace. The British were ready to make an agreement with him, but he refused to trust any of their envoys. Negotiations came to a standstill. Then all of a sudden Hyder Ali remembered a man who was famed for his honesty and fair play. "All right," he cried to the British messengers, "send me the Christian. He will not deceive me!"

The Christian to whom he referred was Dr. Christian Friedrich Schwartz, a Lutheran missionary from Germany. In the year 1750 he landed on the southeast coast of India, and for forty-three years labored day and night, preaching, teaching, and translating the Bible into vari-

ous dialects. He also officiated as chaplain to the English soldiers and was like a brother to them. He was called in to act as interpreter and "go-between" in many political disputes when no other man could be trusted. Even the terrible Hyder Ali was so pleased with his help that he gave him a present of a hundred dollars, which Schwartz promptly contributed to the building of an orphan asylum. Friend and favorite of rich and poor alike, he was the humblest of men. He dressed in simple black cotton clothes, ate Indian food, and slept in any kind of shelter.

Schwartz was another Paul the Dauntless, burning himself out for God. As Paul could say, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith," so Schwartz, when an old and feeble man, wrote, "I am now at the brink of eternity, but to this moment I declare that I do not repent of having spent forty-three years in the service of my divine Master."

The English Carey

Now it so happened that while the German missionary Schwartz was toiling in India, a boy in England was filled with a great longing to follow Christ's last command, to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. It did not look as if the boy could ever be anything but a cobbler by trade, but in his spare time he taught himself Latin and Greek to prepare himself for

the ministry and he never lost the vision that beckoned him to serve God abroad.

William Carey the cobbler became a preacher at a salary of seventy-five dollars a year, which he eked out with his cobbling. But the divine call grew more and more insistent, and he was so eager and earnest that his friends began to be sympathetic. At a meeting of his fellow Baptist ministers Carey used some words which have become famous and which have helped many people to accomplish wonders: "Expect great things from God. Attempt great things for God."

Carey and his friends indeed followed that ideal. There was now formed "A Baptist Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen," and sixty-five dollars was collected as a start. That seems to us a very small sum, especially when we think of business projects being floated nowadays with several million dollars as capital; but, like the widow's mite commended by Christ, this was a notable sum as the gift of poor people out of their poverty, given with a willing spirit and with a great faith.

Carey and a companion were sent to India and landed in Calcutta in 1793, just about the time Schwartz was retiring from his magnificent life-work down in South India. At once Carey set to work to learn Bengali and to preach to the Indians round about. But the Baptist Society could only send him a small allow-

ance, so, just as in England, he had to have a second job in order to make ends meet. He became manager of an indigo factory at Serampore, which was then in the territory of the Danish government, fifteen miles up the river from Calcutta. Every spare moment was given to missionary work, especially to the translation of the gospel into Indian languages. It is staggering to think that during forty-one years of service he helped to put the scriptures into thirty-five Indian languages and dialects, and also into Chinese.

And he did more than that. He felt sure that it would help the spread of the gospel if Indians learned English, so he and a colleague started an institution they called a College for the Instruction of Asiatic, Christian, and Other Youth in Eastern Literature and European Science. This was the first of many similar colleges to be found all over India today, which combine the best Indian with the best European literature and history and science. Some of these colleges are under government control, others are under private boards of managers, and some, among them the very best, are still missionary institutions. Many of the students have become the leaders of the new India.

“How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”
These lines of Shakespeare’s are often quoted at

candle-lighting services to remind us how one little flame kindled by Christ, the Light of the World, can make a bright spot in the darkest night, and can kindle another and another and another light until there is a great crowd of them. That was exactly the way with William Carey. His own light shone true and bright, and set many other lights aglow, even across the broad Atlantic. He wrote enthusiastic letters telling about the wonderful things being done in India, and the tremendous need for more workers. These were read by thousands of people both in Europe and in America, and they aroused such an eagerness to help that many missionary societies were organized, and many missionaries sent out not only to India but to all parts of the world.

The American Judson

The enthusiasm that sent its radiance across the seas touched the hearts of five students at Williams College, Massachusetts. They used to meet every day in the shelter of a haystack "to pray for self-surrender to the Lord's call to go to the uttermost parts of the earth." One of these students went to Andover Theological College, where he met a rather delicate young man, of good old Puritan stock, named Adoniram Judson. Judson had passed through a very deep spiritual experience and was wondering how best to use his life for God. He happened to read about the

heroic Dr. Schwartz of South India, who had died a few years previously, and he was fired with a resolve to dedicate his life as a missionary.

Judson's first experience would have dampened most people's ardor. Sent to England to consult with a missionary society there, he sailed on board a little English ship, *The Packet*. But England was at war with France in those days, and not long after setting out from New York they saw a great French frigate bearing down on them. *The Packet* was captured, and Judson was made a prisoner of war and thrown into the hold. Here he consoled himself by studying his Hebrew Bible. This certainly did not look like a quick way of getting to India.

Things cleared up, however. He was released, finished his business in England, and returned to America. Commissioned as a missionary, he set sail the following year for India, accompanied by his brave wife Ann. Had they known all that lay before them, it is doubtful whether even their brave spirits could have summoned courage to go on. Most missionaries even nowadays undergo many hard experiences of one kind and another, but few of them are subjected to such tortures of both mind and body as these two suffered.

Adoniram and Ann Judson went to Serampore, where the veteran Dr. Carey was still living and working at his usual strenuous pace. He gave them a warm welcome and suggested that they

join his own son Felix, who was a missionary in Burma. After many trials and a delay of several years they finally went to Burma, which was at that time ruled by a barbaric and cruel king. Trouble after trouble came on the little band of missionaries—persecution and sickness and death. The Judsons lost their only child, a beautiful boy, and it nearly broke their lonely hearts; but they went right on with their teaching and preaching, with translating the Bible into Burmese, and with work at the printing press which had been sent to them from Serampore.

The final blow came in 1824 when war broke out between Britain and Burma. The despotic king at once suspected, or pretended that he suspected, the foreigners of acting as spies. A band of soldiers, headed by a repulsive “man with a spotted face” who was the public executioner, raided the mission bungalow at Ava. They seized Judson, bound his arms with cords knotted painfully tight, and dragged him off to the death prison. Poor Ann Judson described that terrible day, and it was followed by a terrible night, for ten ruffians were sent to “guard” her at home.

For over a year and a half Adoniram Judson was a prisoner and in constant danger. He was always in fetters—sometimes with only one pair, sometimes with three, and sometimes with five! They cut into his delicate flesh, to the great amusement of his warders. Every night his

shackled feet were tied to a pole, which was raised some distance from the ground, lest he try to run away. Imagine getting any sleep in a position like that. What was more, the prisoner never knew what the next day might have in store for him, whether torture or death, nor what danger it might bring to his brave wife, who stayed alone in her house and at the mercy of the hostile townspeople. During this time of nightmare their little daughter was born; the mother would carry the baby to the prison and beg the rough jailers to let her look through the iron bars and speak to her husband.

The end of the war came with the defeat of the cruel king of Burma and the immediate release of all foreigners. At last Judson's heavy manacles were removed, and for a long time his legs felt quite strange without them. It seemed as though a happy life must lie ahead of this hero and heroine who had suffered so grievously, yet without complaint. They wanted nothing more than peace and opportunity to go on with their beloved mission work. But alas, the hardest blow of all was in store. The gallant Ann Judson, worn out in body and mind, lived just long enough to see her husband released and restored to health. Then both she and her little girl quietly "fell on sleep" and were buried under a shady tree—a little bit of America's Christian best made part of the soil of Burma.

Judson might well have come home to America for a rest, but he turned his attention to a very wild Burmese tribe that had always interested him. He went on long preaching tours to them and camped for weeks at a time in the lonely and desolate jungle. He had the great joy of finding them eager to listen, and they adopted Christianity gladly.

It was thirty-three years after he had left it before Judson returned to his native land, and as he walked the streets of Boston he was amazed to see all the changes and improvements that had come about during his absence. He was glad to be home again, but he only stayed a year. Why? It was a case of Burma calling! Kipling says, "If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else." Back went Adoniram Judson to the beloved task of translation and the compilation of a Burmese dictionary. His study was a small room infested with bats, which he humorously nicknamed Bat Castle. By and by his health gave way, so he went on a sea voyage. But strength would not return to his worn-out frame. He died and was buried at sea—a little bit of America's Christian best made part of the deep blue, universal ocean.

Who Follows in Their Train?

The Spanish Xavier, the German Schwartz, the English Carey, the American Judson, these

are but four bright stars in the sparkling galaxy that has shone in India and reflected the light of Christ. We look through the long list of noble names. We read the astounding records of big-hearted men and women of different nations and languages and denominations who, in school and college, in dispensary and hospital, in preaching tent and printing room, have followed these hardy pioneers and have devoted their lives to the Christian service of India. We rejoice that the accomplishments of their lives have become part of the Christian heritage of all lands, and that not only does their work go on but that we can share in it today.

CHAPTER VII

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

It is pitch black night in an Indian jungle. Birds move restlessly in the trees. Animals prowl around with stealthy footfall. Near by a tiger roars as though determined to find some human prey.

A girl of nine lies wrapped in a cotton quilt on the bare ground. There is no sleep for her tonight. Every time the tiger raises his threat she is convulsed with terror, and shakes from head to foot.

"Fear not, my child," says the kindly, middle-aged man sitting beside her. "I am guarding thee." He pokes together the fire of twigs and leaves which he is trying to keep alight to ward off wild animals. All through the night he sits erect and alert. It is with a long sigh of relief that he feels the darkness breaking, sees the sky suffused with pink bands, hears the twitter of happy birds, and notes the growl of the disappointed tiger receding in the distance.

The man is a well-educated Brahman, and the child is not his daughter but his little new wife. That seems to us a strange marriage, and the

way it was arranged seems equally strange. One morning this Brahman, whose first wife had died, was bathing in a holy river. Another pilgrim began to talk with him, and, hearing he was a widower, said, "Why don't you marry my little daughter Lakshmi?" They talked the matter over, and found that the two families were of suitable Brahman stock. The marriage took place the next day, and this stranger, aged fifty, started off with his nine-year-old bride to his home nine hundred miles away.

Fortunately this particular Brahman was a good and kind man. Being very learned himself, he wanted to educate Lakshmi, for she did not know so much as her A B Cs. But his relatives were indignant, and said he was bringing disgrace on the family. Why, a high-born Hindu woman should not learn anything except cooking, the care of the home, the worship of the gods, and reverence for her husband and her relatives-in-law. There was nothing for it but to leave home, so he and Lakshmi set out for a forest retreat where they hoped to live in peace.

After this night of horror things began to look brighter. They built themselves a hut, and here they spent many years of happiness and quiet usefulness, entertaining students who came to learn wisdom from the noble Brahman. Lakshmi eagerly drank in everything her husband could teach her, including Sanskrit, the difficult classi-

cal language of the holy Hindu scriptures. In turn she herself taught their three children. The youngest, a daughter called Ramabai, later became famous. It is she who has told us all about these early days.

By and by the family left their lodge in the wilderness and began to visit the holy places of India, ever trying to gain peace of soul and to find God. The father made his living by giving public readings, just like that reciter who was telling the story of Rama and Sita in the bazaar. They went to Benares and bathed in the sacred Ganges, as we have seen that pilgrims still do. They wandered on and on from one spot to another, but they never found what they were seeking.

Then came famine. Sometimes the rain forgets to fall; as the Hindus put it, the gods are displeased and keep the water-bags shut up tight. No crops can be sown, and the scanty stocks of grain rise in price until the poor begin to starve. Nowadays there is well-organized relief in case famine conditions arise in any district; trainloads of food stuff are rushed into the needy areas, and work is provided for the starving. But in those years there were not so many railways to help in the transport, and people perished by the hundreds.

Worn out by fatigue and undernourishment, Ramabai's noble father died. Six weeks later her

mother died. Grief-stricken, poor Ramabai and her brother made their way on foot to Calcutta, where a time of happiness awaited them. People were astonished to see a woman who had learned Sanskrit, for it was supposed to be too holy for a mere woman to know. They honored Ramabai at public gatherings and gave her two titles. One of these was Saraswati, which, you remember, is the name of the Hindu goddess of learning. The other title was Pandita, which means a lady of great scholarship. That is why she is usually called Pandita Ramabai, which might be translated as Professor Ramabai.

But alas, Ramabai had still much to suffer. Her only brother soon died, and she was left alone in the world. In less than two years after she had married, her husband, a Bengali lawyer, died of cholera. It seemed as if ill-fortune dogged her at every step. Her only comfort in life was her child, a daughter whom she named Mano-rama—Heart's Joy.

Indian Sisters

In all her wanderings the thing that had troubled and hurt Ramabai most was not her own sufferings but the hard experiences of so many of her Indian sisters. The Hindu scriptures say that no matter how bad a man may be, the husband must be constantly worshiped as a god by a faithful wife. Another passage says, "Her

father protects her in childhood, her husband protects her in youth, and her sons protect her in old age. A woman is never fit for independence."

We read in the stories of the chivalrous Rajputs how the Star Princess Tara mounted the funeral pyre of her husband and was burned alive beside his dead body. This was a common practice right down through Indian history, and was known as *sati*. William Carey and other white men wrote and preached against this dreadful usage, but the Hindus declared that *sati* was part of their religion and must not be interfered with. By and by some thoughtful Indians began to be ashamed of it, and urged reform. In 1829 William Carey had the pleasure of translating into Bengali a law forbidding *sati* and punishing anyone who encouraged it or even allowed a widow to practise it.

But many a little widow even now, in the twentieth century, is shamefully enough treated by her relatives-in-law. She may be blamed for her husband's death. Her hair may be shaved off and her ornaments and pretty clothes and the jewels she loves so much taken from her. In many families she is allowed only an old coarse cotton *sari* for clothing, and is treated like a despised servant in the home of her mother-in-law.

Pandita Ramabai thought it wicked for tiny girls to be married at all, but especially to middle-

aged or old men, for that meant that they were bound to become widows while still young, and that they must remain widows all their lives. She was also indignant because most Indian girls were uneducated, and had no interests except housework and gossiping. She considered the purdah system both wrong and cruel, causing a great waste of time and energy and life itself.

Pandita Ramabai determined to devote her life to helping her Indian sisters. She gave public lectures, and she started a society which was to push forward girls' education and agitate against child-marriage. To arouse interest in this work she went to England, where she became professor of Sanskrit in a women's college. Like her father she had been searching for God, and she at last found him in Jesus Christ. She was baptized, this Brahman widow, and was a staunch Christian all her life after.

In connection with her work she came to America. She was attracted by the happy and friendly atmosphere of American homes, and admired the chance most American women have of being educated and independent. She longed to give India these blessings, so she gave lectures and wrote a book telling about the unhappiness of Indian women. American women promised to help by giving money to start a school.

Off went Pandita Ramabai again to her native land, all afire to free womanhood from its hard-

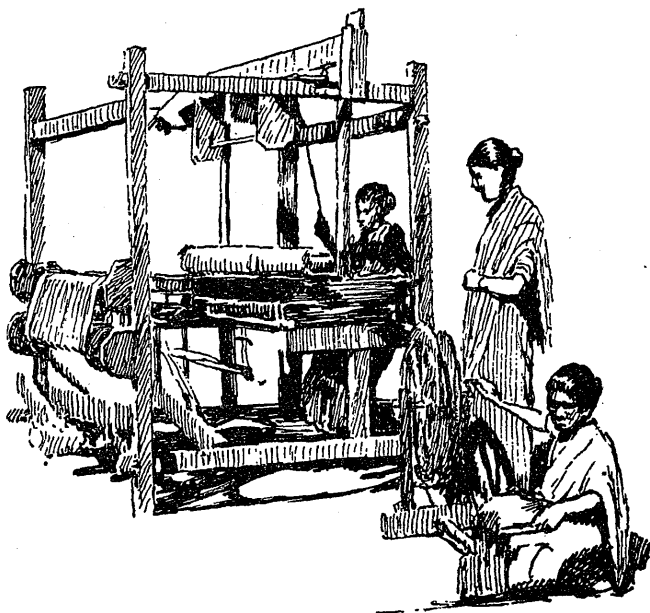
ships. She had tremendous difficulties, and much opposition from some orthodox Hindus who were greatly shocked to think of women being educated. But she persevered and founded a home for widows at Kedgaon, near Poona, which grew until it has had in it at one time two thousand women, drawn from all castes and creeds of the Indian peoples. She called it Mukti, which means freedom or salvation.

When famine swept the land once more, the Pandita thought of her gruelling childhood's experience. She knew, too, that when supplies become scarce in a Hindu household, the widow is the first one to starve and is sometimes actually thrown out of the house. So she traveled through the famine-stricken districts and literally picked off the streets hundreds of dying girls and women, some of them so weak they could not stand up, and brought them back to the home. She had no money in hand to feed them, but she had faith. She felt certain that God meant her to rescue those poor creatures who would otherwise have died, and she said to herself, "The Lord will provide." And the Lord did not fail her. Sometimes the home did not have money enough to buy the next day's supplies. Then Ramabai would call her staff and all the inmates together, and they would go down on their knees and implore help for the work that meant so much to India. And the help always came.

A Visit to Mukti

Come for a visit to Mukti. We travel by train until we reach a country station where a little carriage is waiting. It has wooden benches and a rounded cloth top. When we and our baggage are safely piled in, the driver gives a loud whoop, flourishes his stick, and the two white bullocks start off at the trot. We soon catch sight of some long, low stone buildings, where an Indian woman with a kind face greets us and shows us over the home.

Here are some girls sitting on the ground,



grinding grain and cooking flat cakes. Others are sewing handkerchiefs. We pick one up and find that it has beautiful drawn-thread work. A click-click comes from a shed. We look in and find women weaving. Forwards and backwards, forwards and backwards fly the shuttles, carrying the gay thread that will make an eight-yard long *sari*. From another shed comes the whirr-shirr of machinery, and we find other women running a full-sized printing press. Coming from it are sheets with strange letters that look like clothes hanging from a drying line. We point to one paragraph.

“What does this mean?” we ask our guide, and she reads, with faultless English accent, “God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son.” Yes, this is the New Testament in Pandita Ramabai’s own Marathi translation. In order to get the exact meaning of every phrase she learned Hebrew and Greek. That was the kind of determination and energy she had.

But now a sweet-toned bell begins to ring. The workers leave their grinding and cooking and sewing and weaving and printing, and we follow them into a big chapel. Hundreds and hundreds of them, some with babies and small children, file in and sit on the floor. They are quiet and reverent. The service begins, and the women’s faces light up as they sing and pray and listen. You do not wonder that this home is called Mukti.

"Good Wives, Good Mothers, Good Neighbors"

Not long after Pandita Ramabai founded this home, a young Hindu student was touched by the sorrows of widows and, like the Pandita, he determined to give his life to help them. To show he was in earnest he decided to disregard the old custom and take a widow as his wife, and he chose Pandita Ramabai's first pupil. He had a bad time of it from his relatives, but he ignored all the slights and persecution. Then he decided to start a home and a school for widows, and established it in his own house. It earned such an excellent reputation that some high-caste men asked him to let their unmarried daughters attend it too.

"Very well," said Professor Karve, "on condition that you promise not to marry them off until they are at least sixteen." And he smiled, because he knew that in orthodox high-caste families it was considered a great disgrace to have an unmarried daughter so old as that. Many girls did come to his school, which became larger, more efficient, and more famous all the time. He has now developed a women's university, with a curriculum fitted to make his pupils "good wives, good mothers, and good neighbors."

All this time Professor Karve has continued to help the cause of widows, for whom he founded a Widows' Marriage Association. He helped also

to found the society known as the Seva Sadan, which means the Society for Service. Its members are outstanding examples of selfless service, who work for meager salaries at the task of organizing schools, clubs, dispensaries and training classes for women and girls. Although not a Christian in name, Professor Karve is imbued with Christ's spirit of loving service.

Pandita Ramabai died a few years ago, soon after the death of her beloved "Heart's Joy," who had been her helper for years. But the home which she loved and lived for is carrying out her ideals. The interest which she aroused in the cause of Indian women is growing more powerful all the time. There are many schools for girls now all over India, though not nearly enough. Only two girls out of every hundred get a chance to go to school, and most of them stay only a year or two and are then put "behind the curtain." A few go on to high school and college, however, and these do their best later on to get more Indian women educated.

This Way to the Baby Show

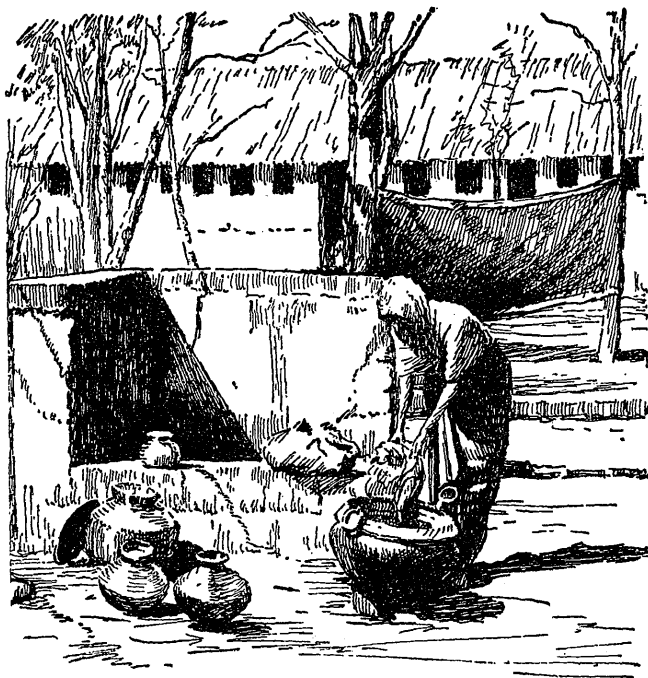
We follow the crowd streaming toward a cluster of large tents and pavilions erected in a public garden in an Indian city. In one of the tents we find scores of all kinds of babies, decked out in their very best frocks. Some wear silver bracelets and anklets, and some have black pow-

der smeared under their eyes and vermilion painted on their tiny toes. What a picture they make when they are put on the scales, and each mother watches anxiously to see whether the judges will award her baby a prize!

In another room swarms of men, women and children are gazing in delight at brightly colored posters, especially the poster that shows an enormous fly walking straight towards a sleeping baby on feet covered with germs magnified to look quite terrible. India has not yet declared war on flies, and you can often see a child's face covered with open sores and black with big buzzers. Flies have a happy time of it nearly everywhere in India and especially in the villages, for they are clever enough to know that no translation has yet been found for that modern health slogan, "Swat the fly!"

Until recently more than half the babies born in India died before they were a year old, which means that any baby had less than half a chance to live. But the healthy babies displayed at this show have more than that chance, and their own children will have a chance even better.

In one of the pavilions festooned with flags and paper streamers sits an audience of Indian men and women with a few foreigners. They are listening intently to a fine lecture on baby care given by the doctor of a woman's hospital. That doctor is an Indian woman. What is more, she



is a Brahman widow. Then why is she not an unhappy inmate of the home of her parents-in-law? Because she was lucky enough to have an educated and enlightened father who refused to follow this cruel custom. He sent his widowed daughter away to England where she trained to be a doctor in order to serve her Indian sisters. How pleased and proud Pandita Ramabai would be if she could peep into that marquee and see

these proud Brahmans listening respectfully to a woman and especially to a widow!

And how amazed Pandita Ramabai would be if she could read a certain announcement in the newspapers of October, 1929! All her work for her ill-treated sisters, and the work of Professor Karve and of many other brave and kind-hearted men and women, has at last aroused such public interest that a bill was passed by the Indian Legislative Assembly prohibiting the marriage of Indian girls under fourteen. In the West we think even fourteen very young, but what an improvement it is on the marriage of infants! One very important result of course is that girls will have a better chance to be educated. Another is that there will be fewer girl widows. Each year sees some breaking down of the old opposition to their remarriage. And so the work proceeds slowly but surely. Pandita Ramabai's brave spirit goes marching on, and the lamp of education and justice which she tended so carefully is shining brighter all the time.

CHAPTER VIII

TROUBLED WATERS

A CROWD of Indian men has gathered in the body of a large hall. In the gallery are a few shy women. On the platform sit several specially honored guests, including several foreigners. A gorgeous gilt chair with faded green velvet upholstery stands empty, awaiting the most highly to be honored of all. On each side of it an Indian boy flourishes a big green flag with the picture of an old-fashioned spinning-wheel in the center. These two boys and many of the men in the audience wear white cotton caps.

The crowd watches the door eagerly, and everyone fidgets with excitement. A commotion is heard outside. The door opens. All spring to their feet and cheer wildly as someone enters. Who? A king or a rich man, surely, in satin garments and many jewels. No indeed. Only a small, thin brown figure, wearing merely a piece of cotton cloth wrapped round him. Several people rush forward, kneel before him, kiss his bare feet. With difficulty he makes his way to the gilt chair and sits down, while his admirers shout themselves hoarse with the cry, "Mahatmaji ki jai!"

Yes, this simple man is Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, whom the people call Mahatma Gandhi. Mahatma, meaning Great of Soul, is a term applied by the people to a great leader whom they reverence and regard almost as a saint. They are shouting now, "Mahatmaji ki jai!" which means "Victory to the Great of Soul!"

Men come forward one by one, and put round his neck long garlands of fragrant blossoms, and into his hands bouquets of gay flowers with paper frills. Addresses of welcome are read out to him, and a beautiful silver casket is presented, while heavy bales of hand-woven cloth are laid before him. He rises and bows his thanks amid thunderous applause, and then sits down again to make his speech. Look well at this simple man, for he has been the outstanding figure in India for many years; indeed it is doubtful whether any other man has received, during his lifetime, the affection and the homage of so many followers.

The Great-Souled Leader

Gandhi, though not a Brahman, is a Hindu of good caste. He was born in Gujarat, north of Bombay, in 1869, studied law in India and in England, and then went to South Africa where many Indians have become permanent residents. In the Boer War he showed his loyalty and his spirit of service by taking charge of an ambulance corps, as he did later, in the World War. It was through



Mahatma Gandhi

his work as a lawyer in South Africa that he became aware of the injustice exercised by white rulers against people who paid them taxes but enjoyed no share in government. You will remember that this was exactly the reason the American colonists rebelled against the mother country.

Now Gandhi was by nature mild and peace-loving. The teachings of the Hindu scriptures against violence in all forms had impressed him from his youth. Later he had studied the life of Christ and been greatly influenced by the patient and forgiving spirit of Jesus in the face of injustice and persecution. Gandhi urged his Indian clients and friends not to do anything violent, no matter what the issue was. He asked them to apply the method of passive resistance, which meant, by way of beginning, that they should refuse to pay their taxes until they were granted representation.

They agreed. Some of them were imprisoned, and some had their goods confiscated, but they bore it without using any force. Meanwhile Gandhi was lecturing and writing articles for the newspapers, pointing out the injustice of the existing state of affairs. By and by public opinion came to see the wrong, and new laws were passed giving the Indian residents a share in government. This was a great triumph for Gandhi's method.

When Gandhi returned to India he perceived much suffering. He became aware of the millions of poor people who never have enough to eat. He saw miserable mill-workers toiling for long hours and often on night shifts for a daily wage of ten cents. His soul was aflame with pity, and he set himself, like Buddha twenty-four hundred years before him, to puzzle out the causes of the wretchedness he saw in India.

He decided that it was primarily due to the coming of the Westerner, with his machinery, his industries, his railways, and his expensive system of government. He said the people should strive for a simple and happy India ruled not by a foreign government but by wise Indian representatives. The first step, he said, was to get rid of everything foreign—the government, the schools and colleges helped by government grants, the machinery and the automobiles, the imported cloth, even the watches and clocks—everything, in fact, that was not Indian-born or Indian-made. Then they would get *swaraj*—self-government, or home rule.

Gandhi called on all India to follow him in an immense movement for freedom. He included Moslems as well as Hindus in his appeal and did his best to unite the two. He saw that as long as there was such hatred between groups there could never be *swaraj*. Here, as in South Africa, he insisted on passive resistance and non-cooperation.

He urged Indians to give back their titles and their medals of honor, such as the Star of India, which they had received for distinguished service. He urged professors and students to leave the government-aided schools and colleges. He urged clerks to leave their posts in government service. He urged employees from the highest official down to the humblest coolie to leave railways and shipyards and trolley-lines, all of which were under the authority of the white man. He urged everyone to refuse to buy or to wear imported cloth.

At the same time Gandhi urged everyone to go in for the ancient home industry of hand spinning, and he revived the old-fashioned Indian spinning-wheel which we saw pictured on those green flags beside the platform. In this way he hoped that India would be able to supply its own cloth, made by the people themselves in their periods of leisure, which, in the case of the farmers and their families, may amount to several months each year. And Gandhi himself adopted the practice of spinning for several hours each day. The badge by which many of the *swaraj* party became known was a plain oval cap of this homespun cloth, called the Gandhi cap. It was worn alike by Hindus, Moslems, and other groups of Indians who wanted to show their support of the movement for home rule as represented in Gandhi's program.

A Campaign of Non-Cooperation

About this time, 1920, a new political project was being launched. Britain had promised India a larger share in the government, and the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, and the Secretary of State for India, Mr. Montagu, had toured all over India, meeting numerous committees and receiving information from all classes. They then made public a new plan, which was named after them the Montagu-Chelmsford reform plan. Its object was to train Indian leaders in practical politics. Besides increasing the number of Indian members in Parliament, the plan transferred the administration of various affairs to provincial councils, where seventy per cent of the members would be Indians elected to office by their fellow countrymen. These affairs were extremely important, and included education, industrial development, medical administration and public health, agriculture, fisheries, and excise.

There was much severe criticism of the scheme. Some people thought it too generous, because it put so much vital authority into the hands of Indians who had not had much experience; but Gandhi and many other Indian leaders protested that it did not go far enough. So Gandhi advised the people not to stand for election to the new Parliament or to the provincial councils. In this way government would automatically come to a



A Bazaar Street in Bombay

standstill, and India would obtain *swaraj*. This tremendous campaign of non-cooperation failed, as a whole. The method by which it was carried on was a boycott, the refusal to purchase foreign goods or to participate in the government.

The Montagu-Chelmsford reform scheme has been in operation for the past nine years, giving a share in government and a practical training in politics to Indians chosen by those of their own people who had the right to vote. But the passive resistance advice has had some tragic results. Unfortunately its leader did not realize that masses of ignorant people are very easily inflamed, and that millions of Indians in their native land, and most of them illiterate, would not have the same control over themselves as the small group of Indian settlers in South Africa. Many hotheads went in not for passive but for active—very active—resistance, and there were waves of crime and bloodshed.

For instance, when the Prince of Wales visited India in 1921, Gandhi exhorted the people to ignore the visit: not to go on the streets to cheer him, not to accept invitations to banquets or other public gatherings in his honor, but rather to hold a public ceremony for the burning of foreign-made cloth as a general protest against everything foreign. But instead of keeping calm, the mob in Bombay got out of hand, looted shops, set fire to cloth merchants' stores, and attacked anyone

found on the streets who was not a Hindu. It was not only white people who were considered enemies. Jews and Parsees and Mohammedans and members of other religions had a hard time of it, and there were many deaths.

The gentle Gandhi was shocked to hear of what had happened, and did his best to quiet the mob. He and some prominent Hindu and Mohammedan citizens of Bombay and also some Christian missionaries rode through the town in motor lorries, urging the threatening throngs to disperse. Then Gandhi observed a fast as penance for the fact that some of his followers had used violence. Later, when bad feeling between Hindus and Moslems had led to a number of serious riots and violent outbreaks in several places, Gandhi undertook a longer fast, this time for twenty-one days. These acts of his made a deep impression on the country, but they could not bring back the precious lives that had been lost, nor make peace and good-will among those who hated each other. A few months later Gandhi was arrested for sedition and was sentenced to six years' imprisonment. While in prison he became ill of appendicitis, and his life was saved by an emergency operation performed by an English doctor who became his fast friend. After the operation the prisoner was released, although he had served only a third of his term.

Gandhi has an *ashram*, a retreat, in Gujarat,

where he lives a simple life among his disciples and students. A caste man himself, he is champion of the outcastes and is doing much to help remove their centuries-old grievances. In this connection he has done a very brave thing in adopting a little outcaste girl and bringing her up in his home as though she were his own daughter. He is much interested in the prohibition of drinking and of drug-taking, for it troubles him to see so many poor Indians spending all their wages on these harmful habits and falling deeply into debt. He is also indignant over the treatment of Hindu widows, just as Pandita Ramabai was and Professor Karve; and urges his young friends to break away from the cruel custom involved. He has many friends among Indian Christians and among the missionaries. Gandhi says that if all Christians would live as Christ lived, the world would soon become Christian. He frankly tells that he reads the New Testament every day and draws much inspiration from it; once he actually taught it to a class of Hindu students in a Hindu university. At the daily periods of worship in his *ashram* Christian hymns are often sung.

If we were to witness the close of such a meeting as we saw Gandhi entering, we should be deeply impressed by the honors paid him. As he leaves the hall the crowds surge towards him to kneel at his feet, and mothers hold out their babies to

touch him in passing. For he is revered not only as a good man but as a holy man, and millions of Indians look on him not only as a friend but as a savior.

Progress Toward Home Rule

Gandhi is of course not the first or the only Indian leader who has demanded *swaraj*, or at least more power in government. There are many honorable names on the long list of India's political agitators; and there are many foreigners—government officials, business men, and missionaries—who are quite as interested and as eager as Indians themselves to find a happy and satisfactory solution.

Some propagandists would have us believe that the British government in India has been a tyrannical one, grinding down the poor and keeping all authority in its own hands. The American government in the Philippine Islands has been resented and misrepresented in precisely the same way. But Britain has done magnificent work in the two-thirds of India under her control, putting in large irrigation works which have made dry and barren districts to "blossom like the rose"; building roads and railways; founding hospitals and dispensaries; finding out the cause and cure of many tropical diseases; taking measures to prevent the famines and pestilences that used to sweep away millions of victims

in a few months; and giving the people schools and colleges in order that they may become educated enough to learn to govern themselves.

This ideal of preparing the Indian people to take control of their own government has been stated from time to time by leading British government officials for over a hundred years. The proclamation issued by Queen Victoria when the government of India passed from the East India Company to the crown expressed this ideal. The most famous statement on the subject in recent years was that made by Mr. Montagu in 1917. He announced in the British House of Commons that the policy of his government was to make it possible for Indians to share more and more in all branches of the government, and thus to gain the experience and develop the ability that will fit them to manage their own affairs as an integral part of the British Empire.

Let us visit a session of the Indian Legislative Assembly, which was founded as a part of the reforms in 1921 and which put into the hands of Indian leaders a larger measure of political power. This new Assembly is something like the House of Representatives in the United States Congress. Out of its hundred and forty-four members all but forty are Indians, and these are elected from the whole country. The other house of government is the Council of State, which corresponds roughly to the United States Senate.

We enter the large hall in which the Assembly meets. An usher six feet and four inches tall, dressed resplendently in a towering white turban, tight white breeches, and a scarlet tunic embroidered in gold braid, looks through his rimless nose-glasses at our invitation card and waves us on. We go upstairs to the gallery, find a seat among many other visitors, and look down at the animated scene below.

There are rows and rows of benches, made of that teakwood which we saw the elephants piling up in the forests of Burma. There are reporters' tables with newspaper men sitting ready for action. There is a high, pulpit-like chair at one end of the hall, and it carries a great glittering five-pointed Star of India blazing above it.

But the men standing about on the floor or sitting on the benches are more interesting than the furniture. Many Indians dress exactly like the foreigner, and sometimes we cannot distinguish between a light-complexioned brown brother and a sallow-complexioned white brother. But there are various other kinds of costumes. One man wears flowing white garments, a white Gandhi cap, loose sandals on bare feet, and a peacock blue Kashmir shawl with red wool embroidery thrown over his left arm. Beside him sits a Parsee gentleman with a sombre black coat and that strange peaked Parsee cap of shiny black linoleum, shaped something like a cow's hoof. Here

is a man with long black hair and bristly black beard who has draped over his white garment a folded length of homespun cloth. Here again, from under a graceful muslin toga, shows a pair of clumsy yellow leather boots, instead of the loose red morocco slippers that belong to the costume. Someone else wears pale blue socks fastened by pink garters round his bare brown calf.

Suddenly the hubbub of conversation stops. A hush falls on the assembled multitude. All rise in their places and fix their eyes on the door behind the Speaker's chair. It opens slowly, and an Indian gentleman appears, dressed in gown and wig. He is the Acting President of the Legislative Assembly. He takes his seat and the business of the session begins.

India has reached a very critical juncture. When that Montagu-Chelmsford scheme came into operation in 1921, it was promised that in ten years further political power would be put into the hands of Indians if they had shown themselves ready for it. A committee was appointed to tour India in 1928-29, report on conditions, and make recommendations regarding a plan of government. In the meantime Gandhi and many of the Indian political leaders, especially among the Hindus, have become impatient of any further efforts to find a way for India to secure control of her own affairs and yet remain a part of the

British Empire. These men have demanded complete independence, which Gandhi himself still hopes to gain by non-violent methods.

The crux of the question is this: when is India going to be called ready for *swaraj*, and what kind of *swaraj* is it going to be ready for? The matter is terribly complicated. In the first place, nine-tenths of the population can neither read nor write and could not vote intelligently, and millions are so poor that their only interest in life is whether they can get enough food to eat and clothes to wear.

Also, as we have already seen, there is hatred and jealousy between the different religious parties. Many of the sixty-nine million Moslems dread the very idea of *swaraj*, lest the Hindus, who represent almost four times their number, should get the upper hand and rule them unjustly. But many Hindus also fear *swaraj*, lest the Mohammedans should take to the sword again and cause civil war such as has existed through the centuries.

Many of the lower caste and outcaste population fear *swaraj*, lest the caste people should again tighten their hold on them and keep them "oppressed, repressed, depressed," as they have been from time immemorial. And many caste people fear *swaraj* lest the outcastes should become educated and powerful and learn to pay them back for their cruel treatment.

Lastly, the seven hundred Indian princes—the chiefs and rajahs and the maharajahs—fear *swaraj* lest they should thereby lose their kingdoms. Very few of them would be able to keep these without the help and protection of such an outside neutral government as that maintained by the British. Their fear is that strong adventurers like old Hyder Ali in South India would soon arise and again carve out empires. They feel sure that there would be an immediate return to the conditions that existed several centuries ago, when men followed

. . . the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

With her religious differences, her communal hatreds, her depressed classes, and her unfair treatment of women, when will India be educated enough and tolerant enough and orderly enough to manage her own affairs with justice and fair play toward all members of society? And who is to say when that time has come?

CHAPTER IX

MANY PATHS, ONE GOAL

WE are to visit a school for little children of a type that is new to India—indeed it is comparatively new to the countries of the West as well. It would surprise most Westerners to find how many of the new type of schools are to be found in a country we have always thought of as being backward in education.

When School is Fun

Mud pies!—who does not love the very sound of them? Look at all those happy Indian youngsters puttering about in a corner of the garden, beside some bright-faced young Indian women dressed in gay *saris* who are ready to help or advise them. Some of the children are patting the sticky mud into wooden moulds standing in the bright sun. Others are carefully lifting the moulds off three-day-old bricks. Others again are collecting these dried bricks into shallow pans, which they carry on their heads across to a group of their companions. And what do we find here? A doll's house is being built. Here is a child making the frame of a tiny wooden cot about four

inches by two and a half. Here is another weaving a mat for it on a Lilliput loom. Here is another making minute dishes of clay. And look at the little fellow standing on a table, sawing down a pigmy plank which he holds between his bare toes, exactly like the carpenter in Mango Village. You see, this is not like an American doll's house. It is an exact copy of an Indian home of the poorer kind. Its walls are of mud bricks, its roof is of straw, its windows are merely small holes without any glass. It will contain a family of dolls dressed like Indian people, and using Indian mats for the floor and clay vessels for the little fireplace.

All this is great fun. And in order to build the house the children went with their teacher to visit the brick-kiln, and the straw-roof makers, and the carpenter in his workshop, and the potter at his wheel, and the weaver at his loom. They also went to watch the farmer with his team of bullocks plowing his fields, then sowing the seed, then harvesting the crops. The children are only five or six years old, but they know all about it!

On the wall of their big assembly hall hangs the picture of an attractive little American girl, fair of hair and blue of eye. When Josephine died, her father and mother thought that they would like to help the boys and girls of India, so they sent money to a mission to start this kindergarten. Two well-trained American women mis-

sionaries have devoted their lives to it, and they have made it such a real success that government inspectors (Hindu and Mohammedan gentlemen, mind you) have called it the finest thing of its kind in the land.

It is not only these day pupils who learn reading and writing and wonderful games. Students come from all over this part of India—Christian girls from many denominations, and even Hindus. After two years of training the students go back to their home towns or villages, not only full of new ideas for revolutionizing the primitive infant schools, but full of new ideals about service and faithfulness.

Notice that young woman with the little boy who stubbed his toe on a stone, fell on his fat tummy, and lay howling lustily. She has picked him up in her arms, dirty though he is after his tumble in the dust, and is wiping away his tears with the loose end of her *sari*. She laughs and talks with him until he forgets his troubles and begins to chuckle in spite of himself. She is a Hindu of good caste, a widow. The child is an out-caste. According to caste regulation she ought not to touch him, but she forgets all about this in her love for him.

“In All Things Be Men”

“You can’t do anything with Kashmiris. They’re cowards born and bred. If you want to

try to make Indian boys into men, start with the fighting tribes of the Khyber Pass or some courageous material like that—anything but Kashmiris!” This was what everybody said when an eager young missionary took up work in a school in Srinagar, that City of the Sun which is the capital of Kashmir. The young man had a vision of a school that would emphasize the best things in the schools of the West, more especially the sportsmanlike spirit both in the classroom and on the playing-field, and the loyalty to the name of the school. Because their country is away up near the peak of India, the Kashmiris have been exposed to wave after wave of invasion. Sometimes the uninvited guests merely came for loot and carried away the gold and the silver, the grain and the fruit. But others came to stay, and ruled the Kashmiri people so harshly that they broke their spirit. One conqueror showed his contempt for their want of bravery by compelling the men to wear the same dress as the women—the long loose robe with wide sleeves which is still used by both women and men.

Look for a moment at that rowing race on the river. Dip—*pull*, dip—*pull*, dip—*pull*: the oars dip and the oarsmen pull in perfect rhythm and in perfect obedience to the boatswain at the bow. In *Kashmir in Sunlight and Shade*, C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe, who as a young man had the vision of the

school we are describing, pictures the scene thus:

"... at a given signal, all the boats sink. This is accomplished by the crew leaving their seats and running down to the bows of the boat; their weight puts the bows under the water, the stern mounts in the air, and the boat disappears, leaving the crew on the surface of the water. When the boat reappears the boys swim to their respective sides and bale out the water with one hand while they swim alongside, until it is fit for them to climb in one by one. The rest of the water is soon swished out with their paddles, and the boys paddle their boat to the winning-post. As soon as the last boat comes home the band strikes up the two national anthems, when all the crews stand up with paddles and oars erect, and in dead silence honor their King Emperor and their Maharajah, and then race back to the city."

We watch the boys racing each other with powerful broad strokes, and listen to their good-natured banter. What good sports, we say, what splendid fellows! Who can they be? Well, they are Kashmiris, students of that school which Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe revolutionized in spite of opposition and in face of many discouragements that might have daunted another man. Before there was such a thing as the Boy Scout movement, he had taught his boys to be good scouts. In his

boarding-school, in daily contact with him, they learned self-discipline, courage, and service. They discovered that it was fun to help other people. They cleaned up dirty sections of Srinagar. They acted as a fire brigade and saved property, homes, and lives, in that city of ramshackle wooden houses. In times of pestilence they formed volunteer squads to attend the sick. The spirit of the school is found in its motto, which, inside a shield together with two crossed paddles, forms its crest: "In all things be men."

Kashmir is famous for its *papier-mâché* work. Paper, that seemingly flimsy material, is skilfully strengthened with glue and then moulded into bowls and vases of exquisite design and of real usefulness. In the same way, a heroic missionary took human material that was considered flimsy and of little value, strengthened it with the cement of brotherhood, and moulded it into shapely vessels of character and service.

Hard Work and Love

A large company is gathered on the lawn near a beautiful Indian garden. Great palms soar out of the ground like rockets, and expand into tufted tops swaying gently against a bright blue sky flecked with white clouds. Beds of cosmos and zinnias make bright patches on three sides of the lawn. The fourth side is bounded by a handsome stone building.

On a slightly raised platform sits the principal figure in this scene, a tall white woman—whiter today than usual. She looks around with kindly eyes which have a suspicion of moisture in them. She watches some fine young women—Sita, a student now in medical school; Tara, a qualified nurse; Krishni, the principal of a girls' high school; Kamala, a trained kindergartner; Shanti and Daya and Prema and Padma, all happily married and making good Christian homes.

She thinks back on her first sight of this spot thirty years ago. It was an unhealthy vacant lot, a swamp infested with malaria-carrying mosquitoes. It adjoined the house where she lived and where she was trying to revive a school that simply would not "go." She could get plenty of Christian girls as pupils, but she wanted Hindu girls too, for she felt that Christians and Hindus living and working together would help each other.

"It can't be done," prophesied most people. "You will never get high-caste Hindus to send their daughters to a mission school."

"Why not?" thought Miss Sutherland. "Why not, if I can make this school better than any other they can find? Why not, if I make such careful arrangements that they can attend it without breaking caste?"

For years she struggled on in a modest-sized bungalow, with small classrooms and poor equip-

ment. The schoolrooms by day became the dormitories by night, for the boarders simply slept on cotton mats which could easily be rolled up in the morning. Every night Miss Sutherland would make the round of the sleeping girls, and look at them lying in long rows under their scarlet blankets; and she was constantly dreaming of the day when she would have airy sleeping quarters for them. Meanwhile her specialty was personal supervision and personal contact. The girls would gather in her private sitting-room in the evenings, and listen to her as she read stories to them, or to her singing and playing. They acquired excellent English and most agreeable manners.

Year by year the reputation of the school grew. It actually sent girls up for matriculation. What was more, the girls actually passed. What was more again, they went on to college. Some of these successful students were high-born Hindus, and after leaving school they married into rich and influential families, one of them into the family of a native prince. You see, before taking the risk of sending their daughters to the school, Hindu fathers called on Miss Sutherland, were shown all over the building, and were convinced with their own eyes that the food was bought and handled and cooked only by Brahmans, and in quarters where no low caste or out-caste was allowed to enter. Later her dream

came true, and Miss Sutherland looked across at the swampy plot and watched foundations being laid—the foundations of her new school, that big stone building before which the company is seated today.

And now her happy thoughts come back to the speaker who has just mounted the platform. “When I came as a teacher to this school,” he is saying, “I had no use for educated women. Like all orthodox Brahmans, I believed that a woman had no duty in life beyond worshiping the gods and her husband, and bringing up a family of sons. But I watched Miss Sutherland toiling day and night for her Indian sisters, and I began to catch her vision. I sent for my young wife, who had had no opportunity for schooling, and right here in this school I taught her the primer in my spare time, while our little son played round on the floor. I realized that India can never rise to what it ought to be until women get a fair chance. Now I am working in Poona for the uplift of women. I owe it all to Miss Sutherland—God bless her!”

Then there steps up another Brahman gentleman, a famous reformer. Like Mr. Gandhi, he is working for the cause of women and for the uplift of the outcastes. He is a man of generous heart, and whenever a famine or flood or pestilence visits the land, he rushes to the stricken district to help the sufferers, and he raises public

subscriptions for their relief. He speaks now in the most affectionate terms of "my dear old friend, Miss Sutherland." He tells how he was her first teacher when she came to India, how she inspired him with her ideals for Indian women, and how her friendship and her advice have helped him through the years. "It is women like Miss Sutherland," he finishes, "who are helping Indian women to be what they ought to be. All you women"—and he indicates the former pupils and the present pupils too—"it is up to you to carry on her work. She goes home now after thirty years of devotion to India, but the torch which she lit is in your hands. Don't you let it go out!"

After the applause a procession of barefooted women comes forward. They garland their friend and put a flower wreath in her hair, flower bangles on her wrists, and bouquets in her hands. Then they present a large brass tray bearing something red. Miss Sutherland lifts it and unfolds it—a big square scarlet wool shawl with exquisite embroidery. She throws it round her shoulders, clasps it to her, and says, "Friends, this is not a shawl that you have given me. It is your love wrapping me round."

And that is the secret. It is more than hard work and efficiency, it is love that has built that school and turned out these splendid young women to be leaders in the India of the future.

Hammer and Plow

"Where did you get that attractive furniture?" asks the globe-trotter, examining the rosewood dining-room table and chairs and sideboard, and admiring their graceful design of lotus blossoms.

"It came from a mission school in South India," is the answer. "It was made by Christian boys, and made so well that they cannot fill the long waiting list of orders quickly enough."

Indians do not as a rule take easily to work with the hands, for they have always considered it a sign of the low caste or the outcaste. An educated Christian, even one who is from the outcaste group, is inclined to resent any suggestion that he should work with his hands, for he thinks that education has raised him above that grade. Hundreds of Hindu youths with B.A. and M.A. degrees remain idle at home because they cannot find a "sitting" job as a clerk. Yet India needs manual labor very much indeed. The land needs trained farmers and the towns need trained artisans, and good wages are awaiting them.

Most missionaries feel that every boy, whatever his education, ought to know a trade, as did Paul; and many mission schools have a carpentry shop or a weaving department where the pupils work for a couple of hours each day. There are also specialised shops like that one in South India, where boys go for intensive training in carpen-

try or other forms of handwork as a profession.

Another branch which needs a great deal of attention is agriculture. Most farmers in India are slow to move and are suspicious of anything new. They work hard from early morning till late at night in the busy seasons, but they seldom get full return from their labor. For one reason, most of them use old-fashioned wooden plows which are sometimes merely forked branches cut from a tree which only scratch the ground a few inches down. They know little or nothing about the rotation of crops, so they use the same fields over and over again for the same crops, which of course become more and more scraggy as the land becomes exhausted. They are also handicapped by some of the Hindu religious scruples. As life is sacred, they do not kill off the old and useless cattle, so millions of superfluous cows and bullocks are eating up the fodder and leaving less than enough for the healthy and useful animals. For the same reason they do not destroy the pests which ruin their crops, nor the hundreds of millions of rats which eat up the grain in the fields and in the storehouses. This partly explains India's appalling poverty. Millions go to bed hungry every night of their life; and millions are in hopeless debt to money-lenders, for the rate of interest is often one hundred and fifty per cent.

The government is doing its best to show the farmer how to improve and protect his crops and

his cattle. It establishes model dairy farms and cattle-breeding stations, and sends demonstration cars and lecturers into the villages. Many missionaries have also come to feel that in helping to feed the hungry through teaching India how to raise more food and better food, they are showing the spirit that Christ showed as he ministered to all the needs of men. There are now many mission farm schools and cooperative societies helping India to help itself.

Sam Higginbottom, a missionary in North India, is having wonderful results in his agricultural school, and he gets also a great deal of amusement out of his adventures. He wrote recently: "I have been to Bombay to take over from the steamer the four new bulls just in from New York, the gift of friends in America. They were feeling the heat in Bombay, so the railway authorities kindly attached the horse box to an express train that brought us home—eight hundred and forty miles—in about thirty hours. There was a reception at every station. I was greatly honored because I was in charge of such a distinguished group of travelers." Can't you picture this American missionary beside his bulls, and the excitement of the farmers on the station platforms, who had never known such fat bulls existed? That was a pretty good demonstration in itself.

Another missionary, Tom Dobson, was so eager

to help his villagers that he refused to take a hot-weather holiday. He spent his days in the blazing tropical sun, plowing their fields for them with his motor tractor. By means of a cooperative society he helped many to get out of debt, and to save a little money for seed and for better implements. The money-lenders saw their business declining. They hated this Christian missionary for spoiling their trade. Tom Dobson was killed. And his last words were a message of forgiveness to his murderer. You see, a heavy price has often to be paid for reforms. But Tom Dobson's work did not stop. The cooperative bank is flourishing, and more and more needy villagers are being freed of the burden of debt and are getting a new and self-respecting start in life.

Brothers All

The plain little church is crowded to overflowing. On one side of the aisle sit the men and older boys, bareheaded. On the other side are the women in brightly colored *saris*, the end draped over the head making them look like pictures of the Madonna. In front of the pulpit stands a good-looking young Indian in a blue serge suit. Now and again he gazes nervously towards the door. At last a vague whisper goes round, "They are coming!" The organ prelude changes into a hymn, and the congregation rises and joins the singing of the long file of girls who step down

the aisle with a soft, barefoot swish. Then comes a shrinking little figure in a shimmering green silk *sari* shot through with silver threads. She seems unable to keep her head up straight, for it is Indian etiquette for the bride to be so shy that she can hardly walk.

This little lady manages to reach the side of the young bridegroom, and the white-haired Indian pastor steps forward and performs the wedding ceremony. Shantwan, aged twenty-two, is a well-educated Indian Christian from a high-caste family, and is earning the princely salary of fifteen dollars a month as chauffeur to an English mill manager. Martha, aged eighteen, had been picked up when a month old from a river bank where she had been abandoned. Stray dogs had been biting at her, but fortunately had not seriously injured her. She was brought up and educated in the mission boarding-school, and became a teacher in a girls' school. When the ceremony is over, the American missionary who has been like a mother to Martha comes up and gives her blessing, and the Indian friends crowd around with garlands and bouquets and congratulations. Then the happy couple are whisked off in the missionary limousine (that is to say, a very old Ford!) while the guests follow on foot to the big open yard of a bungalow where the wedding feast is ready.

Look at the company as it sits in long lines on

cotton mats spread on the ground. In front of each guest is a plate made of leaves sewn together. Two girls carry a heavy iron pot full of cooked rice, and scoop out a saucerful on to each plate. A third girl carrying a smaller kettle deposits a spoonful of hot curry beside each heap of rice. The pastor stands forward and says grace, and then the guests begin to "tuck in." It really is a case of tucking in, for of course there are no knives or forks or spoons. A little rice and curry is patted into a ball in the right hand and then dexterously pitched into the mouth by the right thumb.

Are the guests all Christians? Every one. Where did they come from? Most of them are from among the outcastes. Had they been left untouched, they would still have been living in the ignorance and poverty, the dirt and degradation, of the mud huts outside the village walls. Now they are self-respecting citizens living useful lives and earning an honest living in the cotton mills, on the railway, in the carpenters' shops, in offices, and as teachers in the schools. All the boys and girls are being educated, and the cleverest ones will go on to college.

The man over there with the fair complexion and the rather sad expression was a wealthy merchant of good caste family. When he decided to follow Christ he lost everything. His relatives and fellow-castemen tried to kill him because of

this disgrace which he had brought on the whole community. His name was blotted out from the family records, and his money and property were taken away from him. He is now engaged in Christian work at a small monthly wage.

That tall man over on the other side was once a Mohammedan. Next to him is a man who used to be a Hindu. Now the two are enjoying each other's companionship and having a good time together in a way that would have been impossible before they became Christians.

But can caste and outcaste eat together? Can Mohammedan and Hindu become friends? They can and they do, when they have been touched by Christ's spirit of brotherhood. There sit Christians from many castes and creeds, all brothers now, forgetting their former distinctions of birth and upbringing. They have followed the Star of Bethlehem and found Christ, the brother of all.



Hospital Ambulance in the Mountains

CHAPTER X

THE HEALING TOUCH

“SAHIB, sahib! I have no sight, I cannot see! Give me back my sight—sahib, sahib!”

The voice rises to a tearful wail as the poor old man falls at the feet of the missionary and touches his shoes with his forehead. Then he squats on the ground, beats his breast, and rolls his sightless eyes. He tells how, in his youth, he had better sight than anyone in his village and could spy the herds of hill antelope two miles away. But alas, a curtain began to fall over one eye and then over the other, till now . . . “Sahib!” he shrieks again. “Can you not give me back my good eyes?”

The white man with kindly hand turns the poor fellow's face upward, and shakes his head sadly as he sees that both eyes are hopelessly gone. The curtain that has blinded the man is cataract, which mightly easily have been cut away five years ago. But how could it have been cut away, when this is the first time any doctor has ever been inside this village? And the missionary looks round on the crowd of blind and maimed and variously diseased that have flocked to him, as the

blind and maimed and variously diseased flocked to the gentle Master by the Lake of Galilee two thousand years ago, with the great hope in their hearts that they will be cured of their earthly ills.

The missionary sees babies with sores that only need a little soothing ointment; children with swollen and festering eyes that could be cleared up with a lotion; men and women literally dying on their feet from all sorts of ailments that would have yielded to timely medical care. And his heart is wrung with the pity of it—the appalling amount of needless suffering, the appalling loss of human energy by preventable disease, the appalling cheapness of human life. When he tells some of these sufferers that he can do nothing for them, they turn away with dejected yet patient faces and hobble home, to die before their time.

Of course many villages have so-called doctors, and those who can afford to pay his fees go to him. Some of the Indian doctors have a useful knowledge of herbal medicines, but those of another type use extremely queer methods. For a pain in the abdomen a favorite treatment is branding with a hot iron. You will often see country people with great scars on their stomachs, neatly placed to make the pattern of a leaf. Their “doctor” evidently had an artistic eye. When the patient’s body is aching with high fever, the doctor may prescribe beating him with a stout stick, until he is covered with bruises, to

drive out the evil spirit that is causing the pain. Another popular remedy for almost any ailment is to write a holy text on a piece of paper and make the patient swallow it, or to give him a new charm, a tiny piece of brass or iron, to wear on his wrist or round his neck.

You do not wonder that the early missionaries begged and begged for doctors to be sent out. The medical missionary can go where no other foreigner is allowed, simply because he has the skill and the power to be of practical service. People who are too ignorant to appreciate schools and colleges and industrial improvements can always appreciate the relief that comes when pain leaves their sorely racked bodies. Now all over India noble men and women, both Westerners and Indians, are giving themselves to this glorious work, which is never easy, but which is full of interest and adventure; and they have the satisfaction of knowing that they have saved thousands of lives and lessened unspeakable misery.

A Beloved Physician

A young Englishman who took many honors in college and medical school decided to dedicate his life to the wild tribes of the Afghan frontier. It would be a splendid thing, he thought, to win these magnificent fighters, to win them to ways of peace and good-will. He then determined to dress and eat and travel like those among whom he was



Purdah Women Arriving at a Dispensary

going to work. In a town called Bannu, in the dangerous tract between India and Afghanistan where fighting is likely to break out at any moment, Dr. Theodore Pennell, accompanied by his mother, founded a hospital. Later Dr. Pennell married a distinguished Indian lady who was an enthusiastic partner in all his medical work.

The Afridis and Pathans and other turbulent warriors began to hear of the wonderful things that happened in the mission hospital, and brought their sick for treatment. They found not only expert medical and surgical skill which worked positive miracles in seemingly incurable cases, but they found an atmosphere of brotherhood and of service which surprised and puzzled them. They carried home to their inaccessible forts and villages strange tales of the foreigners who had cared for them for no fame or gain but for sheer brotherliness, and who had explained that they did it because of their religion, taught two thousand years before by a gentle Master who called all men brothers. What a new idea this was to men who had always lived under a system of family and tribal blood feuds!

Dr. Pennell got a great deal of enjoyment out of his life, difficult as it was. The martial patients and their friends so trusted and admired and loved him that he was always welcome in their homes. He was absolutely without fear, and in that land where every man carries a rifle slung

across his back and a sword at his belt, he went everywhere unarmed. This courage endeared him to men who consider personal bravery as the highest manly virtue. On camel, on donkey, on bicycle, and afoot, and sometimes like the apostles sent out by Christ, without money or food, Dr. Pennell would penetrate into desolate tracts where no other foreigner had ever been, carrying help for body and mind to those who could not or would not come to the Bannu hospital. Surely no doctor in America ever had such interesting and occasionally humorous experiences as Dr. Pennell among these wild fighters.

Here, for instance, followed by a group of villagers, comes a tall mountaineer bringing his wife to the hospital. She crouches on the ground and covers her face.

Doctor: What's the matter with your wife?

Tall Mountaineer: Well, sahib, it's like this. You see, she was very beautiful, and naturally I was jealous. The other day I found her talking with a man, so I cut off her nose, which of course a husband has every right to do.

Doctor: And now?

T. M.: Well, now it seems rather a pity. She wasn't such a bad wife, after all, and I was maybe a bit hasty. So I don't mind if you cure her.

Doctor (examining the poor woman's mutilated face and shaking his head): The nose is entirely gone. You made a clean job of it.

T. M.: Then you can't do anything?

Doctor: Well, I could send for a new nose from England and graft it on. That would make her almost as good as new.

T. M. (looking quite relieved): Splendid! Oh, but, by the way, would it cost anything?

Doctor: About thirty rupees [ten dollars].

T. M.: Thirty rupees! As much as that? Then I won't bother about it. Thirty rupees is far too much to pay for just a new nose when I could get a whole new wife for eighty rupees.

And the man marches off with his wife following meekly. As a matter of fact, he thinks the matter over. He concludes that a thirty-rupee nose is the best bargain, after all, for after this lesson his wife will probably give no further trouble. So he returns next day and asks the doctor to order the nose from England.

On one of his numerous journeys over rough ground, Dr. Pennell's baggage camel lost its footing and fell, and the box of medicines which had been strapped on to it was smashed. The bottles were broken, and the various pills and tabloids were scattered far and wide. The colored pills were easily distinguished, so they were gathered up and labeled again; but the white ones were hopelessly mixed up and had to be thrown away.

Some years later, Dr. Pennell happened to see in the window of a native doctor a bottle full of white pills, with the label, Assorted Pills. On in-

quiry, he discovered that they were the pills he had thrown away.

"But how do you use them?" he asked in astonishment. "The different kinds were all mixed up, and even *I* have no idea which is which."

"Well, doctor sahib," admitted the other, "it's like this. When I don't understand a case I prescribe an assorted pill. It is better than showing my ignorance, and of course it might do some good!"

Dr. Pennell literally gave his life for these hardy tribesmen. After twenty years of devoted service among them he died of septic poisoning contracted from a virulent hospital case. As he lay ready for burial, dressed in the Pathan clothes he had worn in order to resemble his friends, the people for whom he had worked and died filed past. They looked with emotion on the calm face of the friend who had loved and trusted them, and who had preached the gospel of brotherhood indeed. He had fought in a struggle infinitely nobler than the blood feuds of the tribes, the struggle to bring peace and good-will on earth.

The Wizard of India

A young Canadian was studying in Toronto, preparing to go to medical college in New York, and with the hope of becoming a missionary doctor. A little girl dying of tuberculosis gave

him her purse with all her wealth, just forty cents, and asked him to use it in his medical work for little children across the seas. As he visited churches and Sunday schools in Canada prior to his departure he told the story of that gift, with the result that by the time he sailed for India other gifts amounting in all to eight hundred dollars had been presented to him. With this money and with a great faith he began work in the native state of Miraj in western India, using a tiny room as a dispensary, with shelves made from packing boxes. The eight hundred dollars was used to erect the first small building of a hospital plant. The building contained wards for children and in it was placed a memorial tablet to the little girl who had given the forty cents. That was forty years ago. Let us take a look at that hospital plant now.

We travel by train two hundred and seventy miles almost due south from Bombay, and get out at a station displaying the magic sign, Miraj. A horse-tonga jostles us along a country road for a mile or so, till a turn in the road suddenly shows us a great cluster of buildings. "Miraj e-spital," announces our driver proudly. He flourishes his whip towards buildings and bungalows on either side of the road, and in the far distance he indicates a leper asylum.

We drive across a busy yard where all kinds of people are moving about. Families are camping

in the open and cooking their meager meal at a small fireplace made of three big stones. As we reach the main door of the building, another carriage draws up, a very curious carriage, for it has a brightly colored cloth knotted right across it so that you cannot see the passengers. The driver hops down and unfastens the curtain, and we see three mysterious figures enveloped in white capes from top to toe. With much giggling and fluttering they finally step out, gather their babies in their arms, and hurry along to the safe shelter of the women's waiting room. These are purdah women, and it is a tremendous adventure for them to come to the hospital. They are positively trembling with excitement.

As we stand looking about us and marveling at the complicated network of buildings and the interesting types of patients and their friends, a courteous young Indian comes forward. He greets us, informs us that he is a medical student here, and offers to show us around. Crowds of out-patients are waiting their turn. They go up to a clerk at a table and register their names, and get from him a card of admission. Then they go to a large waiting-room, where Indian Christian preachers are telling about the gentle Master who used to heal the sick, and showing colored pictures of his life. The same thing is taking place in the women's waiting-room, and our three purdah friends and a host of other Indian women of all

castes and creeds are listening to two Bible women telling stories about Jesus. Some of them are hearing about the heavenly Father for the first time, for they never knew of any other god than the monkey and the elephant-headed man and the other brass images which they bathe and worship every morning. Their faces are full of wonder over this Teacher who taught that we are all children of God and therefore brothers and sisters.

We look into the room where the doctors are examining and prescribing for the out-patients. We visit the laboratory, the X-ray room, the lecture hall, and the operating theater where the surgeons work from one o'clock until their list is finished, often at midnight. We look across at the new nurses' home, the houses for medical students, the clinical building and the big new anatomical building, all of which we shall see later. And then we start the most interesting part of our inspection, a tour of the wards. By good luck Dr. Wanless is making his rounds and lets us accompany him. How the faces light up as he comes along, says a word of cheer here and a word of warning there, chucks a youngster under the chin, and laughs at a groaning old woman who thinks she is dying and isn't!

What an astounding variety of cases! Here is a man with a gash in his face and another in his side, the result of too close an acquaintance with a wild bull. Here is a man with a racking cough

and a scarred chest showing where his "doctor" had tried to drive out the cough devil. Here is a happy man with a bandaged eye—his cataract has been cut away in time, so he will not go blind like the poor old fellow we saw in the village.

In the women's wards there are many sad faces. The purdah women, being kept indoors so much, are susceptible to lung trouble, so there are many painful and deep-seated coughs. Here is a young woman with a great swelling on her head where her husband struck her. Here is a little girl widow dreadfully burned. While she was cooking, her mother-in-law got angry and pushed her over on top of the fireplace; her *sari* caught fire and she was soon ablaze. She will get better, but she will be scarred for life. Here are young girls with their own tiny babies, little wisps of humanity who must be cared for and made strong.

And here is a most interesting woman with bandaged eyes, a Russian all the way from Baghdad. She was totally blind, and her husband brought her to India in the hope that Saint Francis Xavier might cure her. But did not Francis Xavier live and die more than three hundred years ago? Yes, but his body lies in the little Portuguese colony of Goa, and is believed to have miraculous powers. Once every twelve years the tomb is opened, and pilgrims come from all over India and even from distant lands to be healed of their diseases, just as the Jews used to go to the

pool of Siloam. But alas for this poor Russian's hopes, she had come from the tomb as she had gone to it—blind. But someone told her husband of the Wizard of India, the white doctor who performed miracles of healing in his hospital at Miraj, and on a forlorn hope they had come here. And lo! what the dead missionary saint had been unable to do, was done by the living missionary saint—the woman's sight was restored. How radiant she looks as she tells you all this.

And then the babies—what a collection of different specimens of brown humanity! The mothers are anxiously watching them, squatting on the ground beside the cribs, and very often, when the nurse is not looking, giving them things to eat which have been forbidden. Some of the babies are from good homes. There are some unwanted babies. The mothers have died and the fathers do not want the bother of them, so they bring them to the hospital and make a present of them. And some poor babies have been found abandoned by the wayside. It is thrilling to have a share in giving helpless babies a chance to live, in healing sick bodies, in restoring sight to the blind, in giving those who have been in despair a new lease of life. There is no other profession so romantic or so rewarding as that of a missionary doctor or nurse.

The Miraj plant, with an up-to-date equipment like that of the finest American hospital, is stu-

pendous. And it began with one child's forty cents and with a good man's love for God and for humanity. We ask the friendly student who has been our guide where he comes from, and are astonished to learn that his home is a thousand miles away. We ask him what brought him here, and he answers, "Jesus Christ and Dr. Wanless." Yes, that is the secret. It is neither money nor medical skill that has built this remarkable institution. It is Jesus Christ and one of his faithful followers.

During his long years of service in India Dr. Wanless literally saw this hospital grow before his eyes. It was he who selected the site and supervised the building of every unit in the plant. His fame spread throughout the land and far beyond; patients came to the doctor from Persia and Arabia and Africa. Wealthy people were glad to give him good fees, which he put into equipment exactly as Dr. Schwartz put the fierce Hyder Ali's gift into the building of an orphan asylum. So impressed were several Indians of large means, both men and women, with the work done for their people that they gave large sums needed to complete the plant. In this way rich people helped the poor, and those who were penniless were able to have the same careful treatment as those more fortunate. Dr. Wanless also started an asylum for lepers and a separate home where their children could be kept free from the revolt-

ing disease. He contributed much more than medical and surgical skill, valuable as these are. He contributed a vital example of Christ's spirit of brotherhood.

The government of India twice decorated Dr. Wanless with the Kaiser-i-Hind (Emperor-in-India) medal, first the silver and then the gold one, for philanthropy and distinguished medical service. In 1928 King George V of England made him a Knight Bachelor of the Empire, which means that Dr. Wanless is now Sir William J. Wanless. But there are two things dearer to his heart than any honors. One is the love and gratitude of a million people, including the twelve thousand to whom he has restored sight. The other is the knowledge that he, a simple follower of the Great Physician, has helped to show to all classes of people in India the power of Christ to heal not only the body but the soul.

CHAPTER XI

MEN AND HEROES

IN the Great War brown soldiers and white soldiers fought side by side. When the bullets were whizzing round them they did not think about race or color, but helped and often saved each other. One tall Rajput was particularly fond of his British officer. After a heavy engagement, he discovered this officer lying wounded in No Man's Land. The enemy snipers were busy, but the Rajput crept out into the open and reached his friend. The officer begged him to go back, but the Rajput lay down on the ground beyond the wounded man and sheltered him with his own body. All through the day he lay there motionless, a living screen to catch any stray bullet that might come. Then, under cover of darkness, he lifted his helpless officer gently and carried him over his back to the trenches. That hero was not in name a Christian, but he had most certainly caught the spirit of brotherhood, for "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The Boy After God's Own Heart

Soldiers are not the only heroes. A few years ago a Rajput family decided to send the youngest

son to school so that he could learn to read and write and keep the accounts of their cloth shop. The son had been named Shivalal, which means Red Shiva, in honor of their favorite god, Shiva the Destroyer.

The only convenient school was a mission one, but that did not trouble the family, for of course no Rajput would get interested in the white foreigner's gods, who were only fit for low castes and the outcastes. But Shivalal did get interested. He admired and loved the missionary, and acquired new ideas about service and brotherhood. He began to see that the gentle Christ was superior to the cruel and bloodthirsty Shiva. He happened to mention this at home. His parents were horrified, and took him out of school at once. His elder brother thought he would teach Shivalal a lesson; so he tied his two thumbs together, fastened a rope to them, and strung him up over a rafter. While Shivalal hung thus in agony, his brother asked him repeatedly, "Now tell me which is the better—Shiva or Christ?" And the boy answered every time, "Christ,"—every time until he fainted.

For two long years Shivalal was kept at home in disgrace. By the end of that time his relatives felt sure that his spirit must be broken and that he would not try any more foolish tricks. Besides, they needed his help in the cloth shop, and it was time he finished his education. So they sent

him back to school with a strict warning that there was to be no more nonsense.

But Shivalal's spirit was not broken. Throughout these two years he had followed Christ in secret and had prayed for Christ's help and guidance. The moment he reached school he told his missionary friend all that had happened. "Send me away," he begged, "send me anywhere out of reach of my family. I am a Christian, and I intend to remain one, but if they know it this time they will kill me." So Shivalal, accompanied by a trustworthy Indian teacher, set out on a thirty-six hours' journey by railway, and reached another mission boys' school where he was safe and happy. The fear died out of his eyes, and he "grew in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."

For over a year his parents did not know where he was, although they got messages that he was well. Then he began to write to them; but it was two years more before he dared to visit them during a school vacation under the protection of a teacher. They were amazed at his appearance, for he was tall and strong and fine-looking, with such a kind face. What was more, they were proud of his learning, for he was now in high school and much better educated than anyone else in their village. They were sorry when he went back to school.

When he was sixteen and therefore legally free



A Rajput Soldier

to change his religion, Shivalal asked for baptism. It was Christmas Eve, and all the boys of the school and the teachers with their families had gathered for Christmas dinner in the big open yard of the school. Over two hundred people sat in rows on the ground, with leaf-plates in front of them piled thick with *pilau*.

Shivalal drew his missionary friend aside and begged for baptism right now, on the anniversary of Christ's birth. "And," he said, "I want a new name. I want to drop Red Shiva and all that belongs to the worship of idols."

"And what name would you like to take, Shivalal?"

"David, please. David was the man after God's own heart, and I want to be like him."

So there in the moonlight, in the presence of his school companions and teachers, Red Shiva was transformed into the boy after God's own heart.

The following year he became convinced of his family's affection, so he spent his vacation with them unprotected. "What has made you like this, Shivalal?" asked the brother who had once strung him up by his thumbs. "I don't see any boy round here with a look like yours. Tell us what has made the change." So David told of the religion of brotherhood which he, a proud Rajput, had been glad to accept. And the family listened, wonderingly.

Now David is finishing his high school course and studying overtime. He wants to hurry on and be ready to train as a preacher. He wants to go back home and teach his people how a proud Rajput can become a humble Christian.

A Christian Poet

In India it often costs dear to become a Christian. A convert may be cast out by his family and have his name erased from the family records. He sometimes becomes a nobody, with nobody to care what becomes of him.

Some years ago there was a Brahman who, like Pandita Ramabai's father, felt dissatisfied with the Hindu religion. He traveled all over India, visiting the holy cities with their famous temples, hoping that sometime, somewhere, he would find God. He was almost in despair, for he had wandered for years and had not yet attained any peace of soul. Then one day he happened to sit in a train beside a white man who spoke in friendly fashion with him and heard him tell of his vain quest. As this man left the train he handed a little book to the Brahman, saying that he thought he would find in that book what he was looking for.

The Brahman read the book, and was amazed to find that a Teacher had lived on earth who taught that the humble and the merciful and the pure in heart and the peacemakers were all more

blessed than the proud and the cruel and the schemers and the quarrelers, that God was a kind Father and all men were brothers. This man had never heard anything so wonderful. This was exactly the God he had been looking for.

Narayanrao Tilak finally became a Christian, though the cost was exceedingly great. His family disowned him. For many years he was a lonely man, longing for his wife and little boy. But a happy day came when Mrs. Tilak saw the light which her husband had seen, and she herself became a Christian. Mr. Tilak was a poet, and he wrote beautiful hymns, as well as a poetical version of the life of Christ. All over the Marathi-speaking districts of India today these hymns are sung not only by Christians but by Hindus. The writer of them had to come through deep waters, but his experience enriched countless lives.

Pastor and Police

Away in the heart of India lived a poor Christian pastor named Prakash, which means Light. His people had been outcastes, but he had received an education and a little training and had become a traveling preacher to a group of villages where there were a few Christian families. Often he would ride on his bony old horse to villages where no one had ever heard of any religion but that of Ganpati and Hanuman and other Hindu gods and goddesses.



In the village where Mr. Light had his home, the Christians had a very hard time of it, for a Brahman police officer named Govindrao did everything possible to make them miserable. This officer had a special spite against Mr. Light, and one day he sent for him, accused him of receiving stolen goods, and had him soundly beaten. Mr. Light made no complaint, although he was innocent. Sore and bleeding, he hobbled off to his little hut.

After he was gone, Govindrao, smiling with

revengeful satisfaction, lay down and fell asleep. Then he became aware of someone trying to pull him out of the room. He woke up, crying out for help. Those near rushed in to see what was the matter, and assured him that he must have had a bad dream, for there was no one in the room but himself. He went to sleep again, and the same thing was repeated. When it happened the third time he caught sight of a figure standing at the door, a man who looked at him sternly and said, "Govindrao, why are you persecuting my followers?"

As Govindrao, white and trembling, fell at his feet, the visitor disappeared, and Govindrao was found lying on his face in a swoon. When he came to himself he realized that he had been in a trance. It was an experience like that of Saul, but at that time he had never heard of Saul.

He sent at once for Mr. Light, who, believing that this meant another beating, refused to go. But a second messenger explained that Govindrao sent his apologies for the beating, and now begged Mr. Light to come and tell him about his religion. Although he feared this might be just a trick, Mr. Light hurried to Govindrao as fast as his injuries would let him. He found his enemy curled up in a corner of his house, looking pale and frightened. Then, like Paul with his jailer, Mr. Light told him eagerly about Christ.

Later Govindrao took the tremendous step of

being baptized. This meant that he must leave his lucrative post as a police officer in the service of His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad. It meant that he, a rich merchant's son, was exiled from his family and friends, who were ashamed even to mention his name. He was glad to become a teacher in a mission school for outcaste children where his income could be only a few dollars a month. Mr. Light was his fast friend through thick and thin, and so faithfully has he showed the spirit of brotherhood in that bigoted village, that there is now a Christian school there. The teacher is a splendid man, Mr. Truth, who teaches his caste and outcaste pupils not only their A B C's but the love of God.

Through the Fiery Furnace

In another village there lived a poor outcaste named Lakshman. He noticed that the Christians of the district, although they were not all good men, were better and happier than their Hindu neighbors. He used to talk about religion with the Christian pastor, and he began to think how foolish it was to worship bits of wood and stone, the way he had done since he was a child. He finally decided to become a Christian, and it was a happy day for him when he and his wife and his five children were all baptized.

But the Hindus of his village were very angry. Like Govindrao, they did not like this new re-

ligion. Besides, when an outcaste became a Christian, he began to think he was as good as his betters. So they told Lakshman plainly that he would have to get out. He wasn't wanted there any longer, and if he did not go away they would force him to do so.

Lakshman was offered work and a home under the protection of a missionary in a town, but he felt sure that God wanted him to stay on right there. One day the brother of the village headman met Lakshman's wife in the bazaar, cursed her, and kicked her until she ran off home. He forbade her ever to show herself in the village again. Then the farmers were forbidden to give Lakshman work in their fields, so the family nearly starved. And still he refused to go away. He felt it his duty to remain, no matter what happened.

One night he woke up and discovered a smell of burning. He screamed and roused his family. The straw roof of their little dwelling, a one-roomed house with mud walls, was on fire. They rushed to the door, but it would not open—it had been fastened from the outside! The man tugged and pulled, shouting for help all the time, but no help came. There he was with his wife and five children, caught in a burning trap. There was no hope from the window, for it was just eight inches square. His brothers, in their houses near by, heard his screams but could not reach him, for

their houses also had been fastened from the outside.

These seven victims were fainting with the heat and suffocated with the smoke, when the door began to be rattled from without. It jammed, but it opened far enough to let Lakshman push out his children and his screaming wife. And when he himself stepped through, he saw his old father, who had happened to be sleeping outside that night, and had been unnoticed when the enemies came and fastened the doors. Because of his deafness the old man had not heard the commotion until now. His hands were all burned with the blazing thatch which had fallen while he was struggling to open the door, but what did that matter? Lakshman and his family were saved from a horrible death. As they stood trembling and watched their little house burn down to ashes, they saw a crowd of villagers watching at a safe distance. Not one of them came forward to help.

Heroes and Comrades

David, Tilak, Govindrao, Mr. Light, Lakshman—these are but a few of the many heroes who have left all to follow Christ. All over India there are thousands of teachers and preachers who are willing to work for small salaries and to live in dreary and sometimes dangerous villages because they feel that they are needed there. Well educated or poorly educated, they are often the

only men in the whole village with any education at all, and they show brotherhood by helping to settle quarrels, attending to the sick in time of illness or pestilence, reading the newspapers out loud, and in many other ways being the friend of all.

It is amazing to see how India is being leavened by this spirit of brotherhood, which is showing itself in many ways that, even when they are not named Christian, illustrate the teaching of Christ. For instance, you might be puzzled by these signs over the door of lecture halls: Y.M.H.A., Y.M.B.A., Y.M.Z.A. For a moment you might think that the painter of the sign had made a slip and had meant to paint Y.M.C.A. No, these signs stand for associations of Hindu and Buddhist and Zoroastrian young men, associations run on the same lines as the Y.M.C.A., which has done a great good in India by showing the power of brotherhood.

Even caste is giving way slowly before the spirit of brotherhood. You remember how the outcastes are despised and ill-treated. But at a recent Boy Scout jamboree in Bombay fourteen hundred Scouts gathered from all parts of India. They were from every caste and creed, including outcastes and Christians, yet they ate and slept and paraded and drilled together for four days, and forgot all about caste differences.

There is an excellent school in Bombay which

many visitors go to see. The headmaster is a fine-looking Brahman, and he shows you round with the greatest enthusiasm. He points out the clever pupils, and tells you that he expects great things from Rama or Sunder or Ratan or Appa. The pupils obviously adore him. They come to him with all their little troubles, and he acts like a big brother. Every one of these boys is an outcaste. But is not the headmaster a Brahman? Yes, but he is a Brahman who has caught the vision of Christ, and he is devoting his life to helping the people whom he is supposed to scorn as being lower than dogs. What is more, the school is supported by a society of caste men who have wakened up to the fact that they have neglected and persecuted the outcastes through the centuries. They are doing their best now to make up for that by founding schools to give them education. The society is called the Depressed Classes Mission, but it has nothing to do with Christian missions. That young headmaster would be amazed if you told him he was showing the spirit of Christ. But what else is it?

When the influenza epidemic came to India it swept away twelve million people. The miserable mill workers in the slums of the big industrial towns were especially afflicted. In their crowded and evil-smelling one-roomed houses, four or five out of one family would be lying ill at the same time, without medical help of any kind.

But now look at the two young, well-dressed Indian men who suddenly appear on a narrow and filthy stairway. They step into one of the wretched rooms, turn over the sufferers, feel pulses, bathe fevered foreheads, force medicine down unwilling throats. Then they go to the next house, and the next and the next. Where have we seen these young men before? Their faces look familiar. Oh, yes—they are the college students we saw entering the temple of Ganpati before their examinations. They are Brahmans, the patients are outcastes. What does it mean?

It means that these high-caste college students have become imbued with the spirit of brotherhood. Fired by the example of their missionary professors, they have joined the ranks of volunteers who daily take relief to those whom they have been taught to regard as “unseeable, unhearable, untouchable, unthinkable.”

Yes, old India is moving towards new and better ways of life, though the progress is slow. Every year more boys and girls are sent to school, more high school pupils go on to college and to technical training. The marriage age is rising. Fewer widows are being persecuted in the homes of their husbands' families. Fewer babies are dying of preventable disease. More outcastes are getting a chance in life. Christians are increasing in number. The spirit of brotherhood is spreading throughout the land.

CHAPTER XII

ALL KINDS OF BROTHERS

WITHIN a whitewashed hall of fair size about forty Indian men and women are seated on the stone floor. Near one end of the hall a wooden rail runs across from side to side, dividing off a small section in which are a reading desk and several benches. A service is going on, hymns and prayers and an address by an Indian pastor. The singing probably strikes you as harsh and discordant. The leader plays on a one-stringed harp.

Lighting the Leper's Way

The pastor places a tall lighted candle on the rail and begins to talk of Jesus the Light of the World. Then he asks the people to come forward and take each a small candle from his hand and light it from the big candle as though they were taking their light from Christ. As they come forward one by one we are shocked to see how many of the people are disfigured and mutilated. Some have blotched, lumpy, shiny skins. Others have swollen and bloodshot eyes. Others have an eye entirely gone, leaving only a red

socket. In some cases the bridge of the nose has caved in. We wonder why that man hobbles so painfully along, then notice that on one foot he has no toes. Another man takes hold of his candle awkwardly because on his right hand he has only two fingers. Here is an old woman who stands helpless, blinking at the light. A kindly neighbor steps forward, seizes a candle, and thrusts it between the stumps of hands held tight together. You notice then that the old woman has no fingers at all.

These pitiable wrecks of humanity are lepers, victims of that loathsome malady that gets into the blood and begins, in one form of the disease, to paralyze and then to eat up the extremities—nose, fingers and toes. That explains why their singing was so unpleasing—their vocal cords are damaged by the disease.

Usually in an Indian village when a person is found to be suffering from leprosy, he is driven from his home and left to beg or to die on the streets. But the ministering forces of brotherhood cannot leave those people in such plight, so leper homes have been established where they are fed and clothed and made as comfortable and happy as possible. Some of these homes are under the supervision of missionaries who treat lepers not as loathsome creatures to be shunned but as afflicted persons to be helped. If treatment is begun at an early stage of the disease, leprosy

can sometimes be arrested. Furthermore the children of lepers can in most cases be saved from the disease if they are taken from their parents when they are a few years old, therefore the missionaries provide separate homes and schools for the children.

The lepers we saw taking part in the service have almost all become Christians, and in spite of their handicaps they are happy and conduct themselves well. They help each other. The man with maimed hands does errands for one whose feet have gone. The woman with good hands does the cooking for one who has only stumps. Sometimes a fingerless man carries a toeless man on his back, so that between them they have one good pair of feet and one good pair of hands. And out of the meager money which they make by hard work they give generously to the church and to those poorer than themselves. Once a Salvation Army officer came to that town to gather money during self-denial week. He visited the leper asylum not to gather funds but to inspect a place of interest. The lepers asked who he was, and when they heard about self-denial week they insisted on giving him a subscription offering of sixty cents. That was a handsome gift and a real sacrifice for people who made only a few cents a month as pocket money, and Christ must surely have given them praise for it, just as he did the widow for her mite.

Reclaiming the "Crimis"

Two thousand men, women, and children are squatting on the ground, rocking with amusement, holding their aching sides, laughing till the tears run down their cheeks. In an open space in the middle sits a funny-looking fellow. He wears a dirty yellow robe that covers him from top to toe, and he has his black hair twisted into a big ball on the crown of his head, just the way our grandmothers used to wear theirs. It looks very droll with his bushy black mustache and beard.

His mouth is wide open—and it is an enormous gap, revealing the pinkest of pink gums and tongue, and thirty-two of the whitest teeth you ever saw. He turns all round, stretching this vast mouth wide open with his hands in order to show that there is nothing in it. Everybody nods satisfaction—there is certainly nothing in *that* mouth except tongue and teeth! He closes his mouth, feels his throat, gives a big gulp—and out comes a lime as big as a small lemon. Another gulp, another lime. Another gulp, two limes. Another gulp, three limes. And in this way out they come, one after another, till sixteen limes are there in front of him. Where did he keep them? Ask me another!

As the crowd cheers and roars its applause, the performer rises and steps over to his bag of tricks, takes out a small black comb, comes back

and sits down as before, all without sign of a smile. Once more he opens his immense mouth and satisfies everybody that there is nothing in it. Then with the little black comb he begins to scrape his tongue. Out pours a stream of red powder that flows fast and thick until it makes a heap on the ground. He takes a long breath, begins scraping again, and out pours a stream of yellow powder. This makes another little heap. Another deep breath, another scraping, and out pours a stream of purple powder. How is it done? Once more, ask me another!

Now come the wrestlers and the acrobats, who go through astonishing contortions and twist their brown torsos until it seems as if they must snap. Then a snake-charmer takes a cobra five feet long from its round basket and plays on a little bagpipe. The cobra "dances"—that is, it sways backwards and forwards as though in rhythm to the music. The crowd shivers and squirms when the cobra undulates too near them, even though they know that its fangs have been removed. There follows the game of the tiger and the bear. The tiger is a man dressed in striped gilt paper, with a close-fitting cap that has upstanding ears, and a long leather tail of jingling bells. The bear is another man wrapped in an old brown blanket, with a straw face chalked into a nose and eyes and mouth. The crowd roars as these two feint with each other, to the music of

a big drum thumped loudly by a man who stumps backwards and forwards on a pair of high stilts. Then some women perform slow, stately dances, and skilfully twist and twirl long full skirts which measure thirty yards at the hem.

But the crowd itself is more interesting to us than the juggler, wrestlers, acrobats, snake-charmer, tiger and bear, or the dancers. The people have strong faces and an independent bearing. They do not wear the cringing or apologetic look of the outcastes. We notice a high barbed-wire fence enclosing the whole ground, and find it rather exciting to be inside the fence along with two thousand criminals. Yes, these men, women, and children, enjoying themselves like happy youngsters, are officially listed as criminals, a name universally abbreviated to "crims." They belong to half a dozen tribes who for centuries have handed down criminal professions from father to son. For example, one tribe goes in for cattle-lifting, and incidentally lifts whatever else it can lay hold of. Another tribe snares deer. Another makes false coins and passes them in the bazaar. Another practises petty thieving. Another trains its women to dance, and the women go to fairs and markets where the country folk sit open-mouthed and watch them, while the dancers' male relatives slip round among the crowd and help themselves to money and jewelry. Another tribe prides itself on its big dacoities,



Types from the Criminal Tribes
Adepts at counterfeiting, highway robbery, deer-
snaring, bundle-lifting, and pickpocketing

which are organized attacks, often involving murder, by large bands of robbers, or dacoits, against the property of wealthy persons. The dacoits are the descendants of the Thugs. The word thug which we use in America came to us from India. The Thugs were robbers who used to lie in wait in lonely places and attack caravans of travelers, strangling their victims noiselessly and robbing them. Sometimes the Thugs were very forehanded and had a large grave dug, ready for the bodies.

Before the activities of the criminal tribes had been limited to the extent that they are today, the men were so clever that often they were able to commit a crime and be miles away before the police knew anything about it. When they were caught and put in prison it did little good, for the moment they were released they returned to their old trade. To them it was not crime but simply a profession handed down from their ancestors.

Imprisonment having proved of no permanent use, the next effort made was to reform them, and the Salvation Army was asked to help. It founded settlements far from town life, and taught the tribe members peaceful trades, such as weaving. Results showed that reforms were accomplished, but the isolated reform settlements were very expensive and could only care for a small number of criminals.

About fifteen years ago this whole question was

put into the hands of a young officer in government service. "Why," he thought to himself, "could we not try trusting these crims? Why could we not put them where their way of living would be so satisfying to them that they would feel no desire to follow the old ways?" Settlements were established, some of them under missionary superintendents, where hundreds of families could be kept under control and at the same time taught useful trades and higher ways of life.

One settlement was opened in a town in western India where there are many cotton mills requiring thousands of workers. Into a well protected enclosure were brought several hundreds of criminal families. "Now," said the officer in charge, "you may build your little huts here any way you choose. No one will interfere with you as long as you don't interfere with other people. There's work for all of you in the mills, at good wages. Most of you have been in prison and don't like it, and most of you will land in prison again if you don't mend your ways. You'll have to answer a roll-call every night and every morning, so that we can be sure you haven't been in any mischief during the night. You all have a chance here to become honest and peaceable citizens and we hope you will."

It was a doubtful experiment, to import two thousand of such people into a big town and let them come and go as they pleased. Whenever a

theft was committed anywhere in or near that town, the police at once suspected the crims and went to the settlement to find them. Sometimes they did find them, for the habits of centuries are not eradicated in a few months or a few years. Some of them did not take advantage of this new chance in life. They stole or passed false coins or ran away from the settlement, and had to be tracked, caught and imprisoned.

But the amazing thing is that the great bulk of these people caught the new idea. After being accustomed to life in the open air they found the mill-work hard and tiresome, but they appreciated the wages, for ten cents a day seemed a lot to them because they were sure of it. Many became skilled and earned double or treble that amount; and sometimes a whole family of father and mother and the older sons and daughters worked in the mills and together made what seemed to them a handsome income. They began to build better houses and wear better clothes and to take pride in respectability. No one interfered with their religion. They went on worshiping their little images and celebrating their special festivals according to their tribal traditions.

What about the children in this settlement? How are they going to turn out? Well, a splendid woman missionary tackled the task of educating them. One thousand now attend the big new red-brick school outside the settlement fence. And

how they take to it! Bright eyes that ordinarily would be trained to find not only the birds' nests in the bushes and the wild honey on the trees, but the money in a man's pocket and the earrings in a woman's ears—these bright eyes are now trained to distinguish the signs that make up the alphabet. And outside of school hours there is a new kind of fun. The Cubs and the Boy Scouts, the Bluebirds and the Girl Guides, all have their outings. Then there are pageants and plays and concerts on special occasions. These poor people actually give their little offerings—a handful of grain or rice from their own scanty supplies—to help children poorer than themselves. What has been done in this settlement has been repeated many times elsewhere, and now a number of missionaries and their devoted Indian friends who work with them are giving to the younger members of these tribes in various parts of India an opportunity to become good citizens.

There is always something exciting going on in a settlement. Here is a crim who is suspected of stealing gold coins. The police officers and the superintendent are doing their best to make him "fess up." He stoutly denies any knowledge of the theft, and begs them to examine his clothes. He takes off his turban and unrolls it—six yards of cloth—and there are no coins. They look into all his pockets and feel the lining of his shirt and coat, but there are no coins. Then the superin-

tendent has a bright idea. He remembers what tribe this man belongs to.

"What about the other pocket?" he asks.

"No other pocket, sahib," declares the suspected one.

"I mean this pocket," insists the sahib, and points to the man's neck. "Cough them up, old chap. I know they're there."

The man begins to laugh, for he knows he is found out. And one after another he literally "coughs up" five gold coins, the way the juggler did with the limes. He had hidden them in a pocket in the lining of the throat. It is the custom among his tribe to form this pocket in the throat by the practice, begun in boyhood, of twisting a little stick round and round into the delicate membrane.

More and more power is being given into the hands of the tribal committees, who decide what punishment is necessary for certain offences. The crims do not mind imprisonment or fine, for these things are not considered a disgrace, but they are horrified if their committee imposes some of the old humiliating punishments: to have a pot of water broken over the head; to have three hairs cut from the left side of the mustache; to be tied on to a donkey in the position of facing its tail and to be paraded thus round the settlement.

Some members of the tribes have behaved so

well that they have been excused from roll-call. Others have done even better and have become "trusties" who are allowed to build their houses outside the barbed wire fence. And some have made such a clean record that they have left the settlement altogether and are now farming small plots of ground granted to them by government. In many cases the settlements have become so popular that there is a long waiting list of those who clamor for admission and grow impatient because there is no room for them.

Transformation!—absolutely miraculous. And the real secret of it was that these crims have been trusted—first of all by the government officer, and then by the missionaries into whose charge he put them. In the old days they felt that every man's hand was against them, and so their hand was against every man. Then they had the strange new experience of getting a square deal. Treated like brothers and not like criminals, they have responded. Their children have been saved from crime and are growing up honest, dependable, educated, useful citizens. Some of the people have caught the vision of what is back of this friendly attitude, the vision of a fatherly God and a brotherly Christ. They have left off not only their criminal professions but their idol worship and their charms. There are Christian churches in the settlements, and many former criminals have taken Christ as their Master.

East and West Together

That missionary superintendent with his entertaining pupils, whom he sees changing before his very eyes from bad men into good men;—that doctor who brings relief, perhaps healing, to the lepers;—those other friends of Christ whom we have seen at work all over India, helping to bring about a new brotherhood among the people and unconsciously bringing about a new brotherhood between East and West at the same time—it is the spirit of brotherhood that rules them all. It was the urge of brotherhood that sent Francis Xavier and Dr. Schwartz and William Carey and Adoniram Judson and other such heroes and heroines across the seas, and this urge has never stopped. Every year many young men and women, some of them representing the very best of college life, follow the trail that leads to the uttermost parts of the earth. Like the wise men of old, they have seen the star and needs must follow where it leads.

Look at that fine group of young men standing on the deck of a steamer outward-bound from New York and waving to their friends on shore. They are thrilled with the spirit of their adventure. They go, these messengers of brotherhood, with varied preparation and equipment. One of them spent three years in a boys' high school in India, and was so captivated by the work that he

came home, took his master's degree in science, and is now returning to organize the science department in an Indian college. The graduate of a theological seminary will travel among the villages, in many of which the people will never have heard the name of Christ. He will also train Indian pastors and preachers and evangelists, and send them forth with the good news just as Christ sent his disciples.

The third man is a doctor of medicine with experience as an interne in a great city hospital. He will be in charge of a leper asylum and will try to give these poor sufferers a happy time. He has thought about them deeply and feels it will be well worth his while to devote his life to them. The friend talking with him as they stand by the rail has been trained in social service, and he is going to establish a community house in a large industrial town, where thousands of miserable mill workers have no interest in life beyond their daily drudgery. He will organize clubs and reading rooms and athletics and courses of lectures. For the little children he will make a fine playground, with wonderful swings and slides and seesaws that will make their dark eyes widen with delight.

Another passenger is going to be manager of a big printing press and publishing house. It issues a weekly newspaper, a monthly magazine, and any number of textbooks, religious books, and

wholesome stories, not only in English but in two Indian languages. In this way it sends out a new light into thousands of homes.

And the man who is earnestly looking down into the hold—you could never guess what he has as part of his luggage: a fat bull, two Jersey cows, and half a dozen Rhode Island cocks. He is a graduate of an agricultural college, and like Sam Higginbottom he will help the Indian farmers to get better crops and stock.

On another boat half a dozen young women are looking back at the skyscrapers silhouetted against the gray sky. It is the last time they will see them for five years. One of the six will teach domestic science and be house-mother to sixty Indian Christian girls. Another will teach music in a girls' college to pupils who will include Hindus of all castes, some outcastes, a few Mohammedans, and many Christians. Another is going out as assistant principal of that kindergarten college we visited, and her influence will extend over thousands of miles.

That pretty girl who has already made friends with a little boy passenger and is holding him up to wave to his grandfather on shore, has been doing social case work in the slums of Chicago. She is planning to attack now some of the social problems prevailing among India's criminal tribes. She will teach the women plain sewing and embroidery, reading and writing, hygiene and

the care of their babies. She will organize clubs for the children, so that they will turn out to be "good scouts" instead of criminals.

The fifth missionary has a special air of efficiency. She is a trained nurse who has taken an additional course in anæsthetics. She is to be in charge of the operating theater of a mission hospital where as many as thirty operations are performed in a day by the two doctors, an American missionary and his Indian colleague.

And the sixth young woman? She is bound for a lonely Indian town where there has never been either a doctor or a dispensary of any kind. She will rent a little room in the bazaar and use it as a dispensary. She will visit the purdah women in their homes. She will even go on long treks on horseback to far-off villages. Now, as she watches the last lines of her beloved homeland fade into the distance, she says to herself, "Before I see you again, I'm going to have a women's hospital built in that old Indian town." And from the tilt of her chin and the sparkle in her eye, it might be prophesied that she will carry out whatever she sets her mind on doing.

These young missionaries are not going to dominate their Indian friends. They are going to hand on to them the things that have helped their own land in its fight against dirt and disease, poverty and crime. They will work with their Indian friends, and some will work under them.

The science specialist will work under the direction of an Indian principal. The nurse will obey the orders of the Indian doctor as faithfully as those of the missionary doctor. The social service workers—the man in the big industrial town and the woman in the criminal tribes settlement—will be dependent on Indian help and cooperation for carrying out their ideals, and their dearest hope is that in a few years they will have succeeded in training Indian workers to take their place, so that they themselves can go on to pioneer work of the same kind elsewhere.

The East and the West need each other. Each one has something that the other lacks. Each one has much to teach and much to learn. It is only by means of a brotherly spirit of give and take that they can help each other to be and do the best that is in them. The ways of showing brotherhood are endless. We are more and more coming to see that Christ touches life at every point, and that Christian brotherhood breaks down all barriers of color or race or creed.

India has a colossal task ahead of her, and her finest reformers are trying to put her house in order. She needs help and sympathy. May she come to understand that Christ can fulfil her every need!

BV
3265
R75

950639

Rose
Star of India

NOV 25 '34

A.C. mon. DEC 9 '34

NOV 8 '34

Marthage, S. I. - P. H. 2. 1/2

DEC 31 '34

K. E. Munson
gate

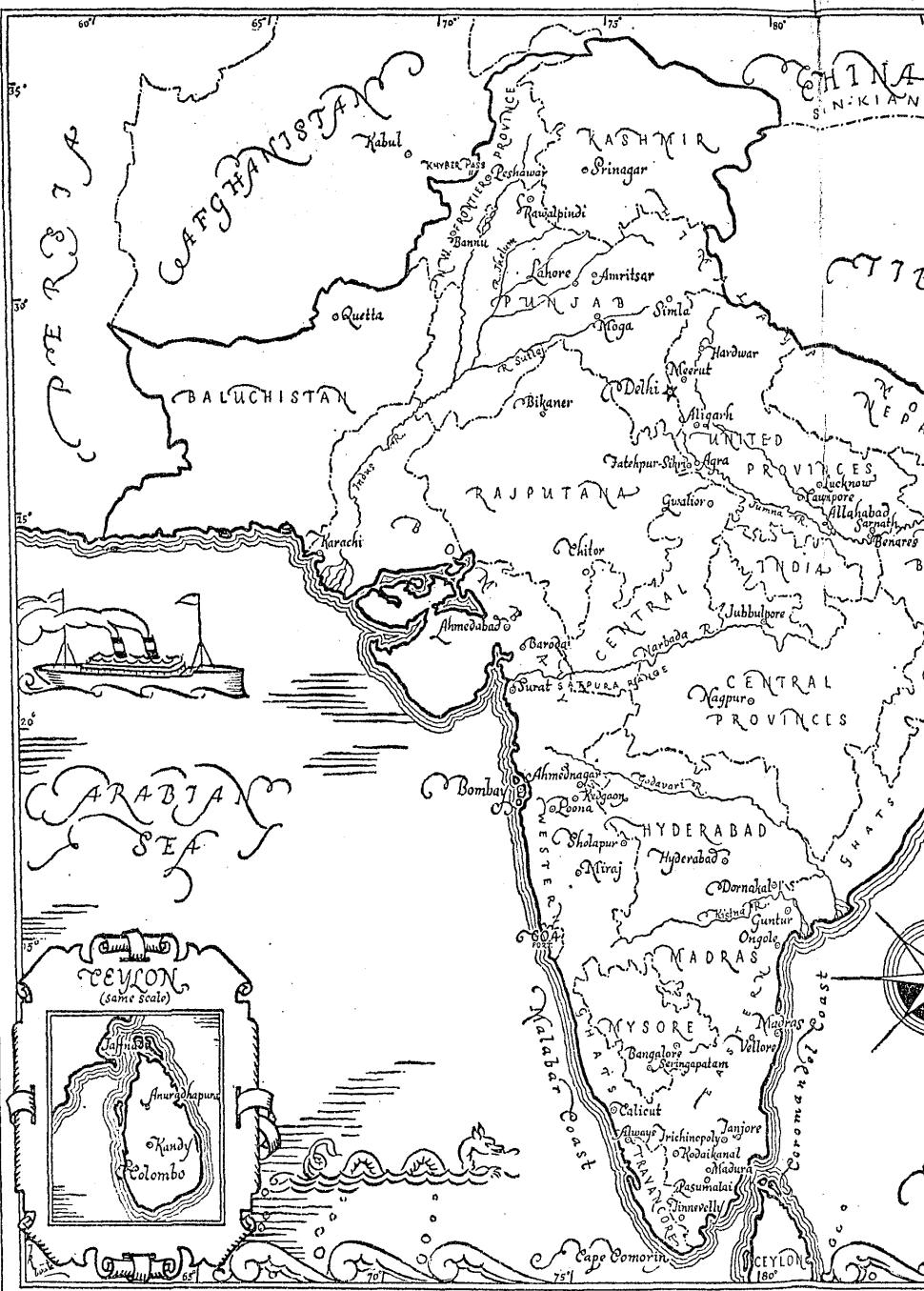
JAN 7 '35

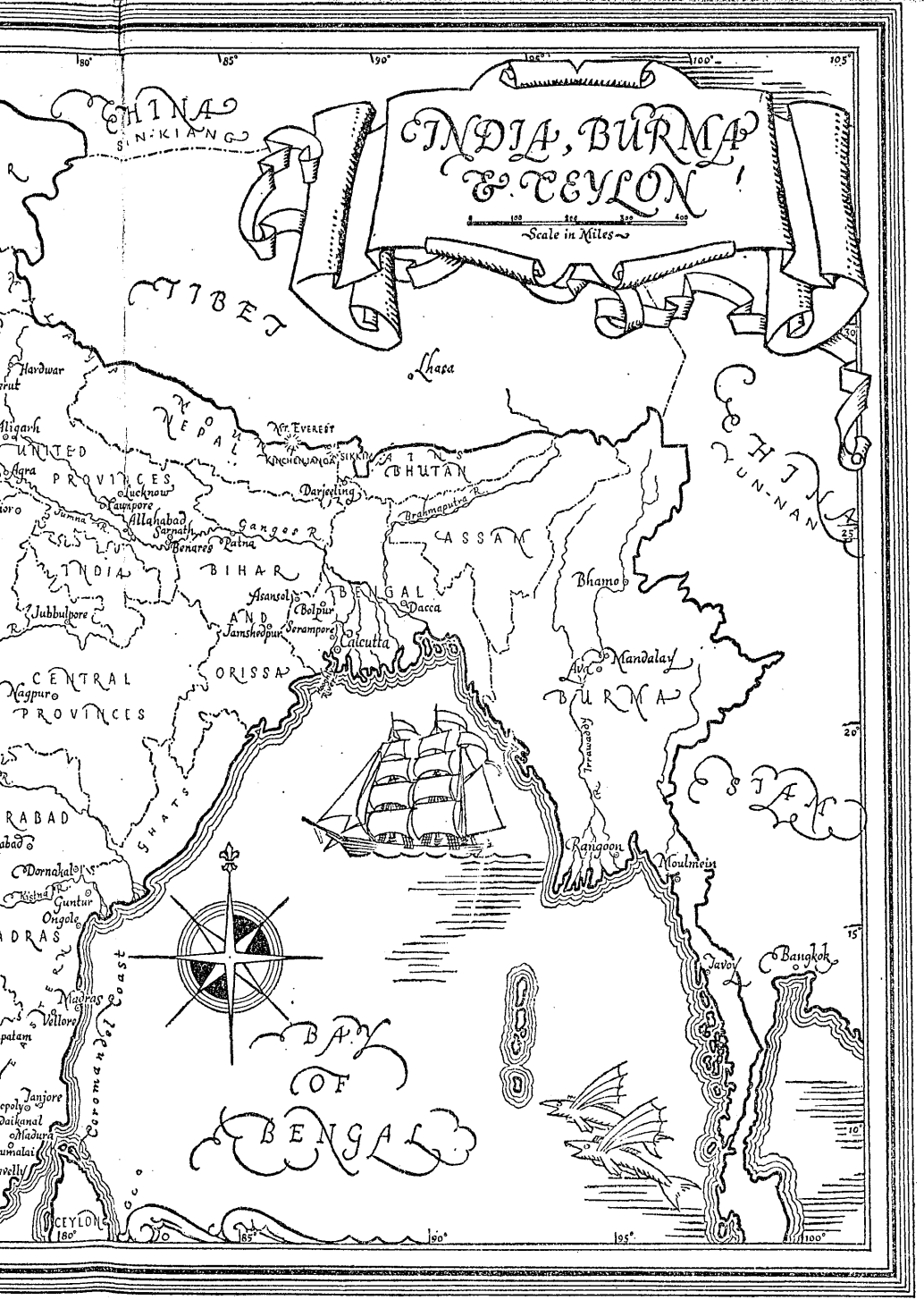
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY



11 358 526

950539





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY



11 358 526